

THE ULTIMATE IN SPINE-TINGLING TERROR!

NIGHTMARE

A SKYWALD PUBLICATION

47364

DEC

1971

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LOVEWITCH
AND THE
LIVING DEAD

MEDEA

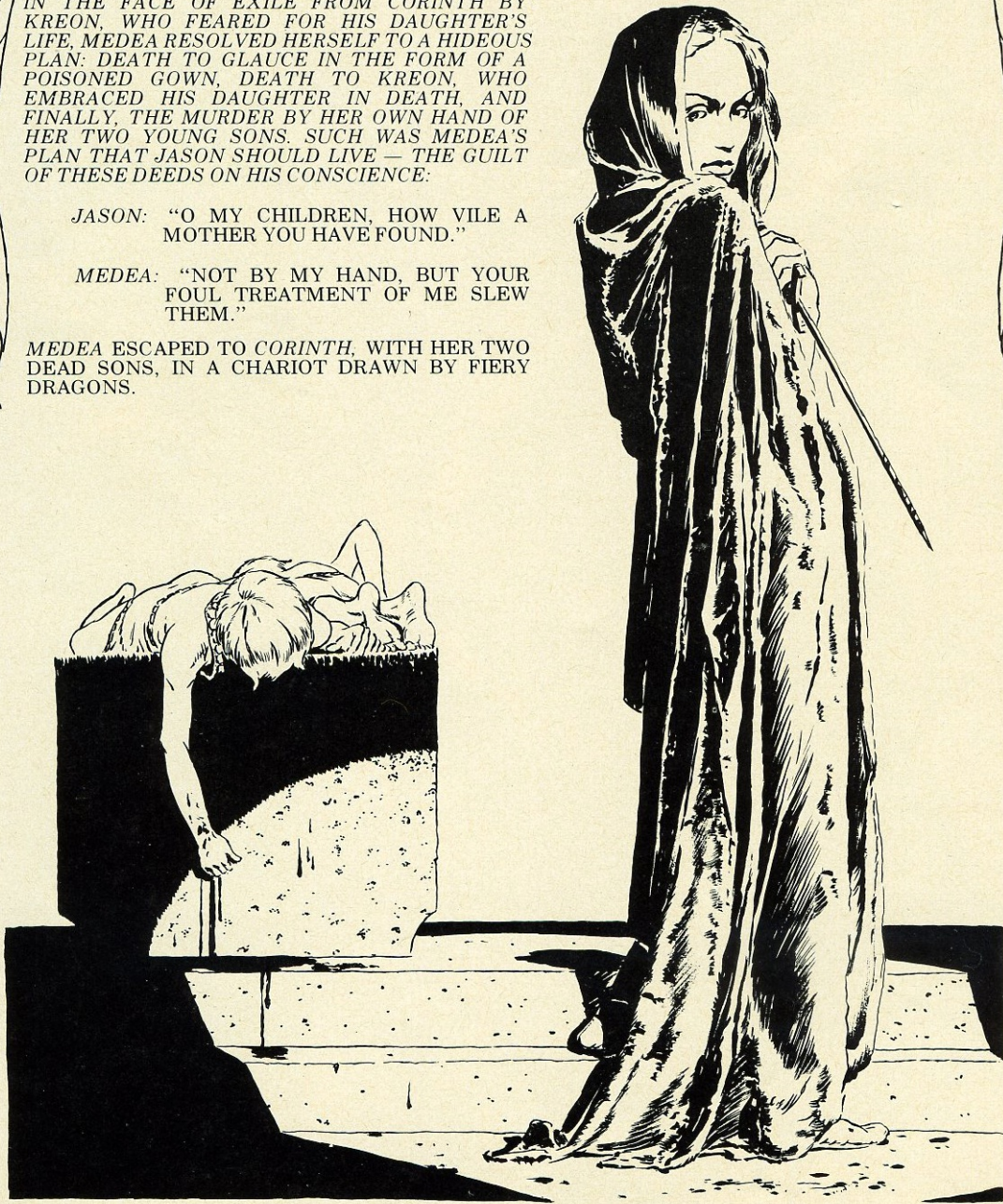
MEDEA — WITCH-MAIDEN OF COLCHIS —
PRIESTESS OF HECATE — GRANDDAUGHTER OF
HELIOS — THE SUN. MEDEA — EXILED FROM COLCHIS
FOR THE TREACHERY SHE USED TO GAIN THE GOLDEN FLEECE
FOR JASON, WHOM SHE LOVED. MEDEA — FOR TEN YEARS THE WIFE
OF JASON IN GREECE, MOTHER OF TWO BOYS, WHOM SHE LOVED DEEPLY.
MEDEA — HER GREAT LOVE TURNED TO HATE BY JASON'S BETROTHAL TO GLAUCE,
DAUGHTER OF KREON, KING OF CORINTH.

IN THE FACE OF EXILE FROM CORINTH BY
KREON, WHO FEARED FOR HIS DAUGHTER'S
LIFE, MEDEA RESOLVED HERSELF TO A HIDEOUS
PLAN: DEATH TO GLAUCE IN THE FORM OF A
POISONED GOWN, DEATH TO KREON, WHO
EMBRACED HIS DAUGHTER IN DEATH, AND
FINALLY, THE MURDER BY HER OWN HAND OF
HER TWO YOUNG SONS. SUCH WAS MEDEA'S
PLAN THAT JASON SHOULD LIVE — THE GUILT
OF THESE DEEDS ON HIS CONSCIENCE:

JASON: "O MY CHILDREN, HOW VILE A
MOTHER YOU HAVE FOUND."

MEDEA: "NOT BY MY HAND, BUT YOUR
FOUL TREATMENT OF ME SLEW
THEM."

MEDEA ESCAPED TO CORINTH, WITH HER TWO
DEAD SONS, IN A CHARIOT DRAWN BY FIERY
DRAGONS.





CORPSE BY COMPUTER PG 38



LIVING GARGOYLE PG 21



LOVEWITCH PG 6

NIGHTMARE

VOL. 1 No. 6

DEC. 1971

PUBLISHERS: ISRAEL WALLDMAN & SOL BRODSKY

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WRITERS: BOB KANIGHER, MARV WOLFMAN, JERRY SIEGAL, LARRY TODD, JEFF ROVIN, STEVE STERN, ALLAN ASHERMAN, PAT BOYETTE

COVER: JEFF JONES

COSMOS STRAIN PG 52



**THE
GEEK
PG 58**



**BROKEN
SPARROW PG 28**



THE MONSTER PART II PG 34

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NIGHTMARE'S NIGHTMAIL

The cover of NIGHTMARE #5 was pure beauty. When I first saw it I thought it had been done by Frazetta, but I was wrong. You must have Boris do an inside story. Issue #5 was an improvement in all respects. The article on Karloff was very nice, so let's have more like it! Why don't you have an interview each issue? Your first talk could be with Boris or some other member of your staff.

Mike Phillips
Tornado, W. Va.

Mike, your letter arrived the same day that our own Jeff Rovin interviewed the very talented Jeff Jones (interview appears in this issue). Just so happens that Jones did the fabulous cover featuring The Love Witch for this NIGHTMARE—Glad you liked the Karloff article. Follow up feature is further on in this mag.

I bought NIGHTMARE and am happy to report that this is the first b & w comic that was worth its price. You have stayed away from unnecessary blood, guts and sex. I feel that these are perfectly acceptable when the stories call for them, but most tales need not the amount used by your competitors. I plan to subscribe for one year as soon as I can drum up \$3.50. Also, I would appreciate it if you could tell me how I can buy back issues of NIGHTMARE and your other b & w mags.

Jim True
Concord, Mass.

Jim, all of our mags now carry a back issues page.

Horror comics, as you are undoubtedly aware, have long claimed more

than their share of mediocrity. Now, with the advent of Skywald Comics, the medium has gained levels of artistic merit found rarely in work of your competitors. Take, for example, the fourth issue of NIGHTMARE, one of the finest collections of illustrated horror to come along in many a (full) moon. The flowing lines and abstract shadows of Serg Moren's "Horror on the Chapel Wall" served forceful emphasis to a script of ironic justice and made plain the potential for emotional commentary in comics. Art by Sean Todd did likewise complement an Al Hewetson tale of tortured death, "Hag of the Blood Basket" as, conversely, pictures both stiff and two dimensional proved a hindrance to possibilities existent in "Mad Mind Doctor." Dramatically posed and angled panels plus sharp contrast between light and dark gave "Phantom of the Rock Era" pictorial elegance of no small consequence, while Chuck McNaughton's mature and sensible character development provided the tale with biting scriptural purpose above the mere generation of plot. All in all, a potent and most noteworthy piece. The verbose, rather conventionally plotted "Satan's Coffin" fell equally to the ills of a contrived ending and confusion of subplots. Contrarily, "Living Death" with its unique framework of vampiric terror and attractive layouts by Tom Palmer, was a work of substantial quality. Collectively, these tales made the June NIGHTMARE an unquestionable high in comic achievement. May you have the best of luck for continued success.

Anita Seegul
Norwalk, Connecticut

Anita, you said it all!

I'm a real horror fan, and I just read your book for the first time. In your June issue of NIGHTMARE, I especially liked "Phantom of the Rock Era" and "Hag of the Blood Basket." They really gave me the chills and it takes quite a lot to shake me! Chuck McNaughton and Al Hewetson have great ideas and I hope to see more of their work in NIGHTMARE. Of your artists, I like Ralph Reese and Sean Todd. Keep the nightmares coming.

Rose Kurtz
Beth, Pa.

The cover of NIGHTMARE #5 was so tempting that 60¢ emerged from my pocket and crawled onto the counter. I leafed through the book and came to a story that made me toss and turn that night: "Slime World." The art and story were beautiful. "Doom Star" had good art by Sean Todd, while "Great Men of the Horror Films" taught me interesting facts. Please keep it going!

Kurt Krause
Warsaw, Indiana

NIGHTMARE #5 was really something. Though the entire issue was terrifying, I found "Slime World" most frightening of all! Reese's art was fantastic and fit the story perfectly. Where did you ever get so gruesome an idea?

Diane DiGiacomo
Valley Stream, Long Island

"Slime World" was scripted by Chuck McNaughton from an original idea by Editor Sol Brodsky. Glad you liked it, Di!



I just read the greatest mag of yours, NIGHTMARE #5. The cover by Boris Vallejo was wonderful. "Whence Stalked the Werewolf" and "Nazi Death Rattle" were great "ghoulish" stories. Al Hewetson and Serg Moren were tops on "Nazi Death Rattle". Also, I saw your article of a new fan page, so I decided to send some of my art. Oh, the article on Karloff was fantastic and the idea of a feature on "Great Men of the Horror Films" each month was neat. Keep up the great work.

Pat Sardinsky
Akron, Ohio

Pat, your drawing of Boris Karloff 1970 was a gem. We'll be printing it soon.

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Thank you so much for the great material you give the readers each month. This month's NIGHTMARE (#4) is better than I expected. First of all, the cover was a real eye-catcher. Boris Vallejo has certainly become one of my favorites. I just love the way he painted the girl in the background. Sensational! Now, on to the stories. Most of them were well done, with some of the best work by Ralph Reese and Tom Palmer. I especially liked "Hag of the Blood Basket" by Tom Sutton. The ending was great. Bill Everett is no slouch either. That pin-up of his is a real winner. Oh yes, before I forget, I wanted to tell you how glad I am to know that you'll publish SCIENCE FICTION ODYSSEY. That Jeff Jones cover is great! I hope you continue printing great reading material for a long time to come.

Richard Charron
Quebec, Canada

Rich, we promise to bring our fans the best script and art work the field has ever seen. We are dedicated to that, and from the letters we've been receiving, our efforts have not gone unnoticed. Also, with due respect to Boris, Nightmare #4 cover was done by Harry Rosenbaum.

"Great Men of the Horror Films" was just too much. Al Asherman must know a lot about monsters and horror actors. Where did he get his information and photographs?

Dave Strempler
Rochester, New York

Al Asherman has one of the most extensive collections of horror and science fiction material in the country. He has worked many years to build his monster museum and has agreed to share its most precious pieces with you, our fans. So stay tuned!

**Address all mail to:
NIGHTMARE'S NIGHTMAIL
18 EAST 41 STREET
NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10017**

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We've been planning a real eye-opener contest for your fans, which we were going to announce in this issue.

The reason that we haven't made the announcement is the super-prize. At first, Skywald was going to award a certain prize to the winner. But now, after much debating (and too late to make this issue) we've decided on a grand super-prize that will really send you flippin'. The particulars will definitely be in the next issue and the super-prize will also be announced.

Guaranteed — IT WILL BE WORTH WAITING FOR!

NIGHTMARE'S JEFF ROVIN

interviews Jeff Jones



JEFF JONES

You've seen his work on book covers and magazines. You've admired his exotic and lovely color schemes. You've marveled at his ability to capture human emotions with the mere stroke of a paint brush. Now, meet him. He who toys with monsters, gods and men getting from them the most in visual glory. He who paints with life itself, showing the triumph of victory or the collapse of a spirit in defeat. Meet a personable, honest and gifted man.

Dear readers, I present Jeff Jones.

NIGHTMARE: "Why don't we begin by having you explain the way you go about painting a picture."

JONES: "Well, when I'm working commercially, I do either a pencil drawing or a small, very rough color sketch. I do this in order to give the art director an impression of what I'm going to do. When I'm working for myself or a few publishers who trust my judgment, I get to work directly on the canvas. Sometimes I pencil on the canvas, sometimes I do not. I can pretty well see the finished picture on there when I start."

NIGHTMARE: "In any painting you do, what elements are especially important?"

JONES: "Let me see. The subject matter is important only as a means of making someone look at the painting. Obviously, it's easier to make a person look at a work if the subject matter is something they like. But neither subject, color, composition or tone is most important. They are all among a group of things that are equally important. I do, however, consider mood one of the most important factors in any piece of work."

NIGHTMARE: "When you do either a painting or comic book story, of what, if anything, are you always conscious?"

JONES: "What I try to do as I work is eliminate all things that are unnecessary to any particular work. In other words, if you're drawing a room, put in the room only what is necessary to convey period, setting, things like that. You don't have to clutter the panel: it's much more powerful if someone can look at the piece and see immediately what's going on."

NIGHTMARE: "As comic format is so closely related to film work and film editing, I'm sure readers would be interested to learn what is your favorite motion picture."

JONES: "That would have to be '2001: A Space Odyssey.' Technically, it was very believable. Yet, the thing that impressed me most about it

was that it was able to pull emotions out of me, something that happens to me very rarely in a film. And I've seen it three times."

NIGHTMARE: "That's interesting. And could I assume that the author of '2001,' Arthur Clarke is one of your favorite authors?"

JONES: "Yes, he sure is. I like mostly hard core science fiction (defined by the Asherman Encyclopedia as science fiction not popularly written for the masses by people who specialize in science fiction). I enjoy the works of Ray Bradbury, Larry Niven, and Robert Heinlein."

NIGHTMARE: "I see. And so you enjoy fantasy in the Edgar Rice Burroughs tradition?"

JONES: "I hadn't read any Burroughs until 1962, at which time I read all of his available works. I had an awful lot of fun reading them, but I found that I could not go back and read them again. They're something you get the first time. I appreciate it for its entertainment value, and that's where it ends for me. I do, however, enjoy painting fantasy, for the genre lends itself more readily to visual rather than written interpretation."

NIGHTMARE: "Fine. And one more question, if you will. What goals have you set for your artistic future?"

JONES: "I want to paint and draw comics, writing and creating my own, trying to communicate visually personal ideas and feelings about things."

I believe this is the goal of every sincere comic book artist and author. Indeed, creating, feeling and communicating is a challenge facing every living being. So when you've finished this magazine, think about some of its moral concepts and value judgments. And try to use, in whatever way you can, your mind and emotions constructively.

That's what makes man a human being.

Until next issue. Be seeing you.

Jeff

LOVE WITCH AND THE BATTLE OF THE LIVING DEAD



"--RAISE HER FROM THE EARTH... FROM THE LAND BEYOND. SHE WHO KNOWS ALL OF OUR ANCIENT FOE..."

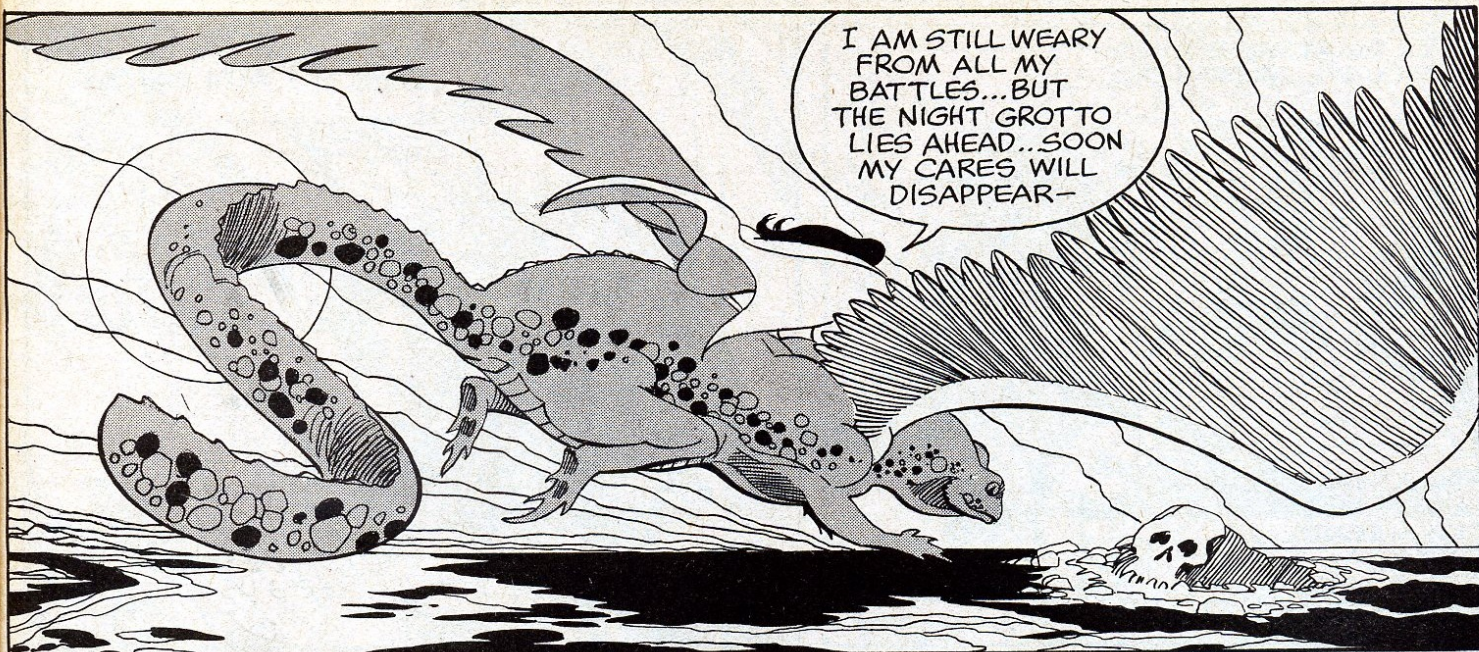


"...MORE...SHE MUST COME **ALL** THE WAY...ANOINT HER WITH POWERS, GREAT ATULAK, THAT SHE MAY WITHSTAND THE DAMNABLE ONE..."



"GO, HAG KREPS--**DESTROY** YOUR FORMER MASTER...**DESTROY** THE ONE WHO KILLED YOU... **DESTROY BURNICK- THE LOVE WITCH!**"

Script: MARV WOLFMAN • Art: ERNIE COLON & JACK ABEL



I AM STILL WEARY
FROM ALL MY
BATTLES...BUT
THE NIGHT GROTT
LIES AHEAD...SOON
MY CARES WILL
DISAPPEAR—



—THE COLD, DARK WATERS
OF **ACHERON** SHALL
BRING RELIEF TO MY
TIRED BONES. I SHALL
BATHE AWAY MY BRUISES...
MY WOUNDS...



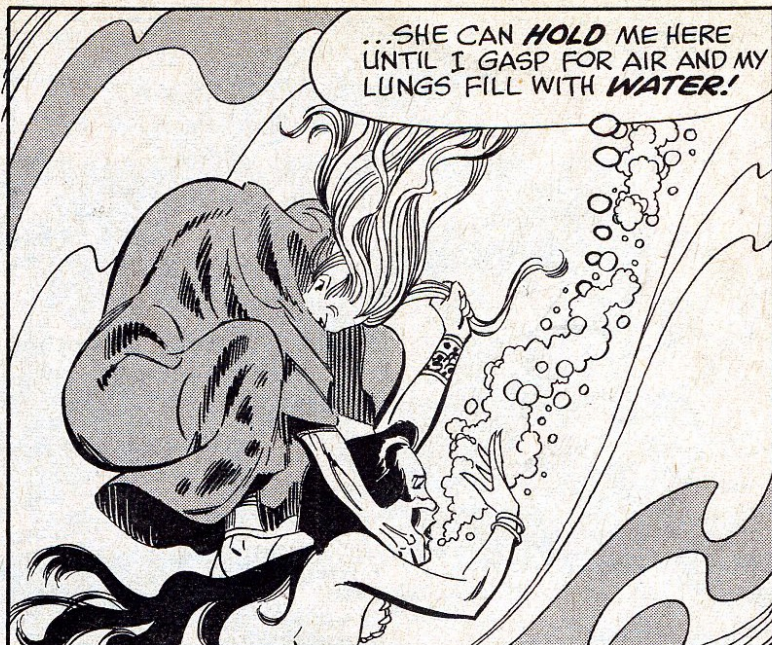
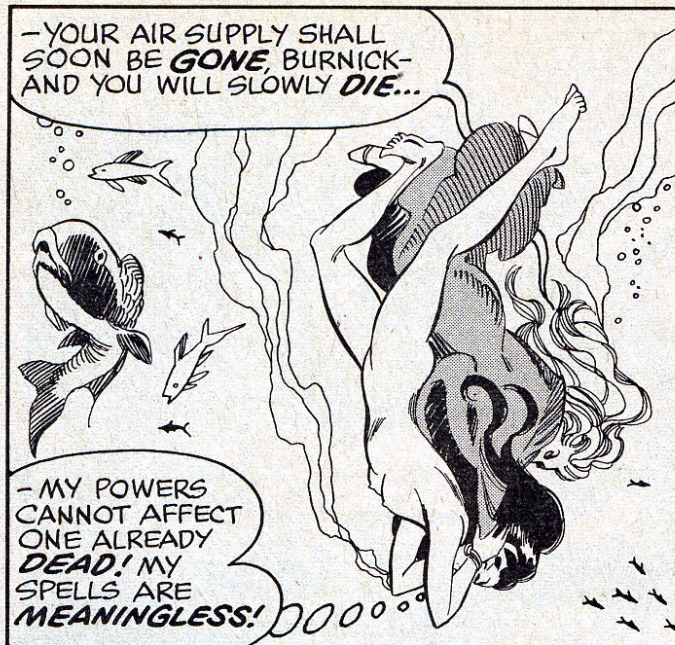
YOU COME TO
WATCH YOUR
MISTRESS, FRIJJI?
GOOD. FOR YOU
ARE MORE THAN
A PET—YOU ARE
MY FRIEND, MY...
**WHAT?! I'M
BEING DRAGGED
UNDER! SOME-
AK—**

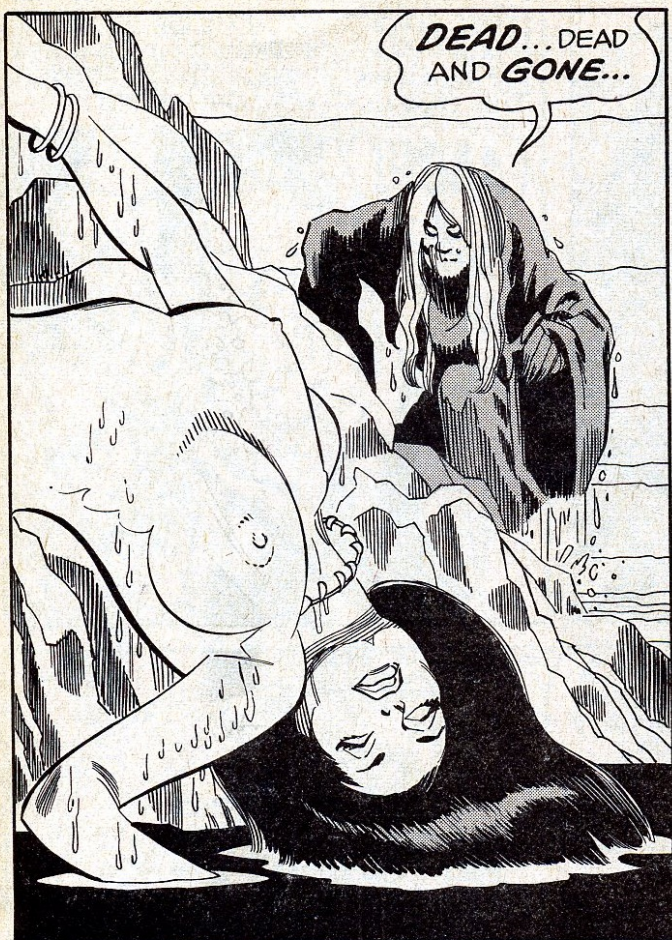


**HAG KREPS?!
BUT YOU'RE
DEAD!**



DEAD.
BUT I HAVE
COME FROM
BEYOND THE
GRAVE TO
FIND YOU—AND
HAVING FOUND
YOU—**DESTROY
YOU!**





DEAD... DEAD
AND **GONE**...



...PERHAPS NOW, **LOVE WITCH**, YOU FEEL THE PAIN YOU GAVE OTHERS ...THE **TERRORS** OTHERS FELT BECAUSE OF **YOU**...

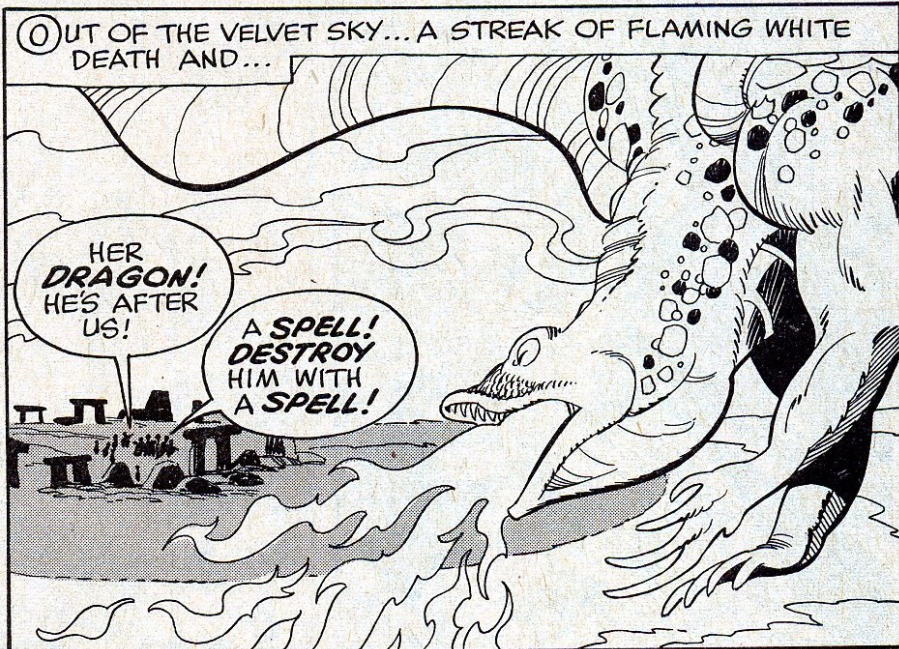


...THE WINDS...THE BITTER COLD... DO YOU FEEL THESE...**DEAD BURNICK**...?



HERE-IS THE **LOVE WITCH**, DRUID PRIEST! NOW RETURN ME TO MY GRAVE ...FOR **MY** ETERNAL REST...

OF **COURSE**, HAG KREPS-FIRST, THE INCANTATION!



OUT OF THE VELVET SKY... A STREAK OF FLAMING WHITE DEATH AND...

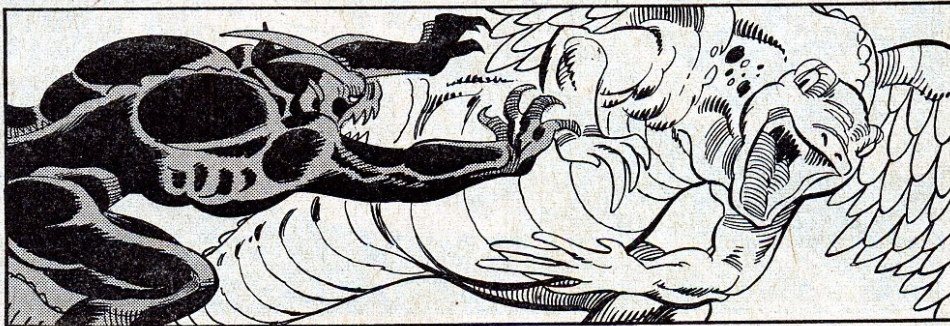
HER **DRAGON**! HE'S AFTER US!

A **SPELL**! DESTROY HIM WITH A **SPELL**!

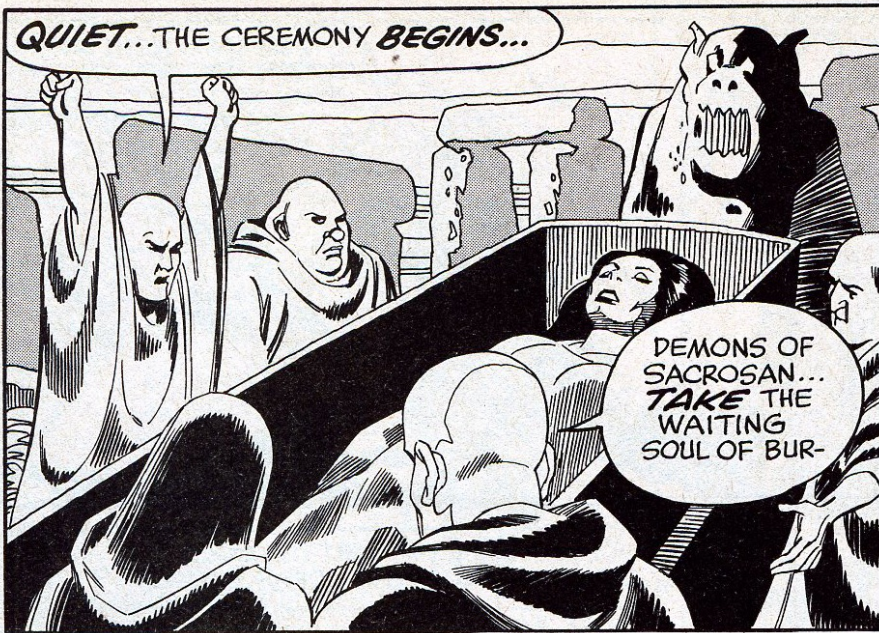


... RETURN ME TO MY GRAVE **NOW**, DRUID...

WAIT, HAG KREPS- WE MUST BE CERTAIN WE ARE RID OF **BURNICK** FOREVER!



QUIET...THE CEREMONY *BEGINS*...



DEMONS OF SACROSAN...
TAKE THE
WAITING
SOUL OF BUR-

BUT BEFORE THE NAME OF BURNICK
CAN PASS THE DRUID'S LIPS, A FLASH
OF BRILLIANT ENERGY SPEWS FROM
THE BODY OF THE LOVE WITCH!

AAGH!

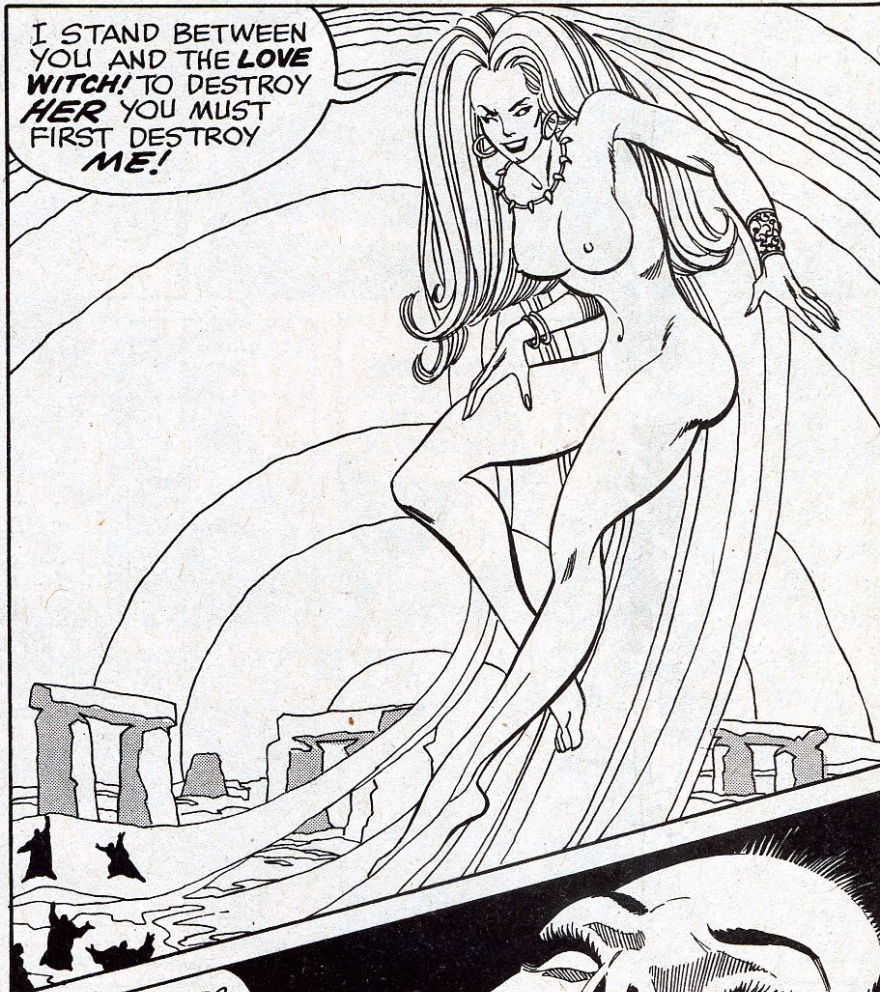


FOOLS
...DID YOU
TRULY
BELIEVE
YOU COULD
DESTROY
ME SO
EASILY?



-THAT THE
LOVE WITCH
WOULD LEAVE
HERSELF
SO UTTERLY
DEFENSELESS?

I STAND BETWEEN
YOU AND THE **LOVE**
WITCH! TO DESTROY
HER YOU MUST
FIRST DESTROY
ME!



SAY YOUR **FINAL** WORDS,
DRUIDS, FOR YOU SHALL
NEVER SPEAK AGAIN...
BURNICK'S REVENGE
IS...**TOTAL...TOTAL...**



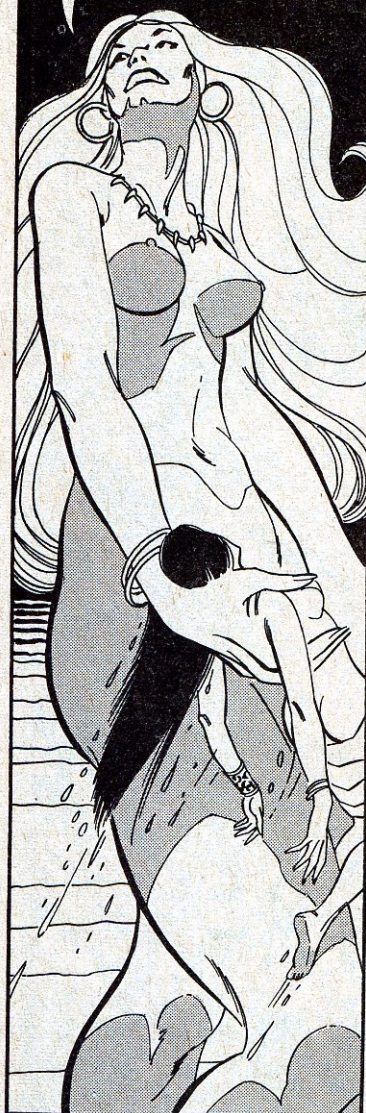
FLAMING SPHERES OF CRIMSON **HELL** DESCEND
ON THE PRIESTS OF STONEHENGE...AND ALL
SEE THE WORLD OF THE DEAD BEFORE THEM...
BECKONING TO THEM-TO BEGIN THEIR JOURNEY
TO **OBLIVION**...



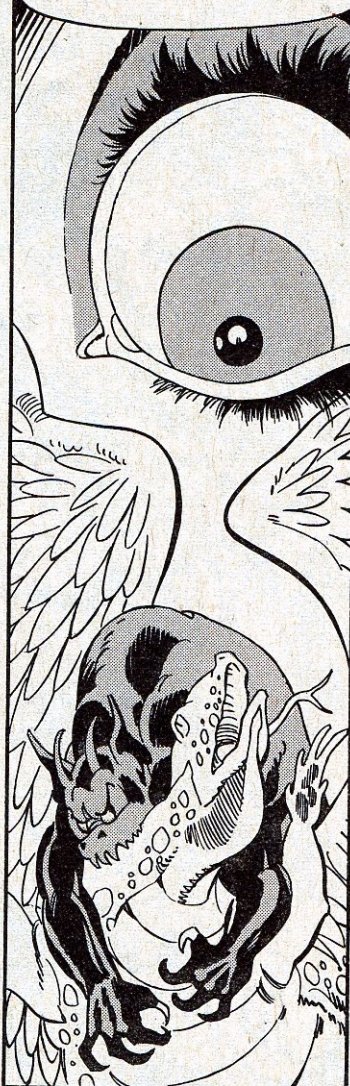
...AND THEY PERISH FROM THIS EARTH...
IN STYGIAN GLORY...



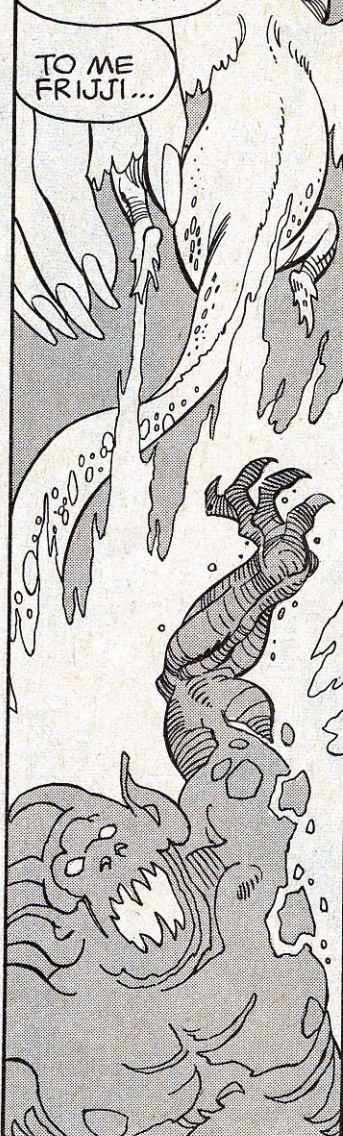
... BEFORE THE LAST
EMBERS OF LIFE DIM
FROM YOUR SOUL, I
MUST RETURN YOU
TO YOUR GROTTO...



...FOR IT IS **ONLY** THERE
THAT YOU WILL FIND
YOUR WAY **BACK** FROM
HELL... BELOW US YOUR
PET STRUGGLES AGAINST
THE **DEMON CURSE**
OF THE DRUID PRIESTS...



...BUT HE NEED STRUGGLE
NO MORE...
TURN TO
ASH, DEMON
OF ATULAK...

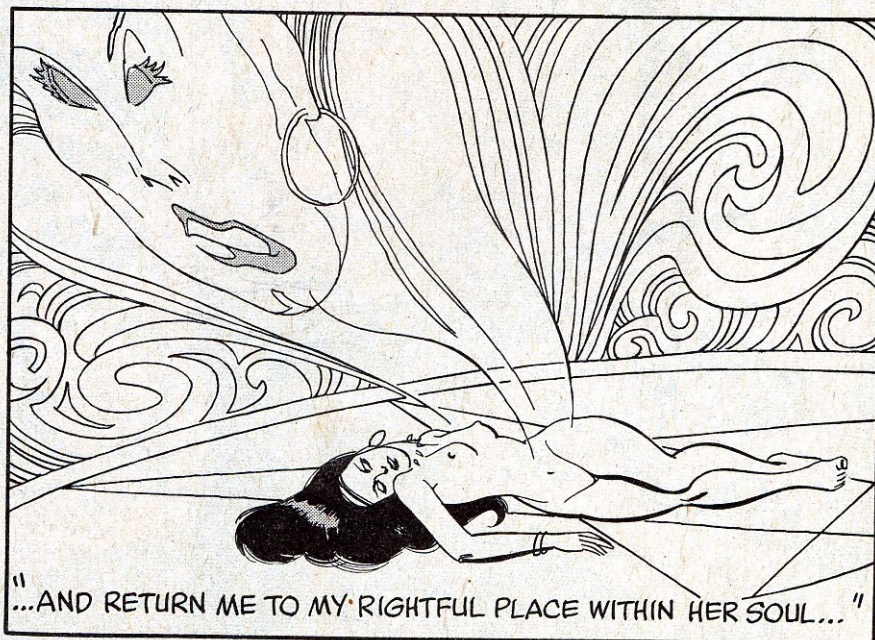


TO ME
FRIJJI...

THE SPIRIT OF BURNICK
RETURNS TO THE DEEPEST
CAVE WITHIN THE FABLED
NIGHT GROTTO... THE HALL
OF THE MOON...

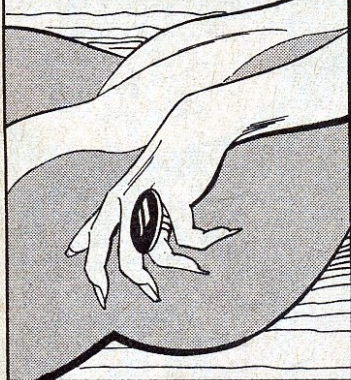


POWERS OF
THE MOON...
BEAM THROUGH
ME... **RESTORE**
MY SELF TO
THE **LIVING**...



"...AND RETURN ME TO MY RIGHTFUL PLACE WITHIN HER SOUL..."

AT ONCE, THE SOUND OF
SILENCE...THE ECHO
OF DEFEAT...



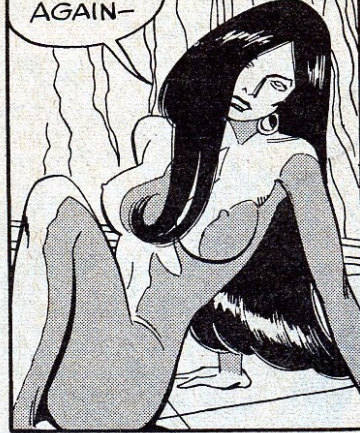
...THEN, SLOWLY AT FIRST...



THEN FINALLY, EVER FASTER



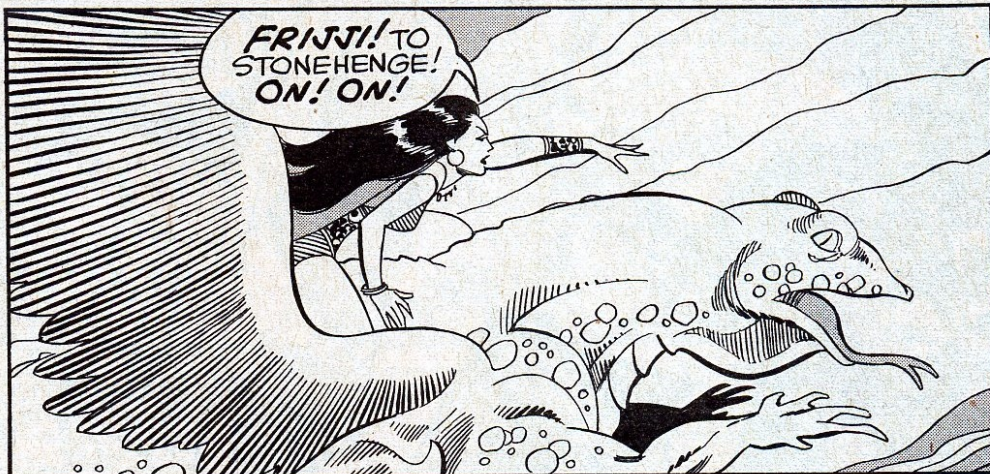
I...**LIVE**...
AGAIN—



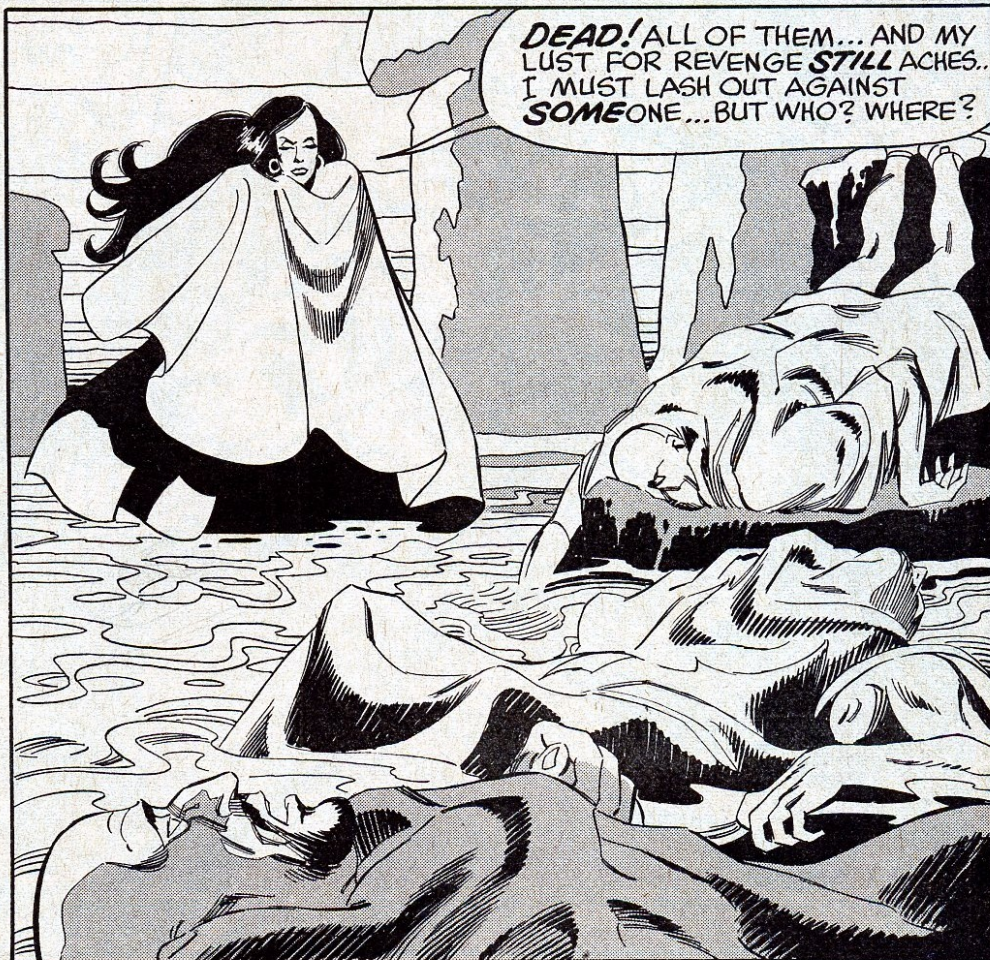
...AND MY HEART...
**HUNGERS FOR
REVENGE!**



FRINJI! TO
STONEHENGE!
ON! ON!



DEAD! ALL OF THEM... AND MY
LUST FOR REVENGE **STILL** ACHES..
I MUST LASH OUT AGAINST
SOMEONE... BUT WHO? WHERE?



SUDDENLY—AS IF IN ANSWER TO BURNICK'S PLEA...

HAG KREPS!?

EEAAHH!

...YOU **ROBBED** ME OF A LIFE'S WORTH...
AND NOW YOU STEAL FROM ME MY
PEACEFUL **DEATH**..
WITHOUT THE DRUIDS
I AM DOOMED TO
WANDER THE EARTH
...NEITHER DEAD
NOR ALIVE...

—BUT **YOU** SHALL
DIE, **LOVEWITCH!**

SHE CANNOT BE HARMED
BY MY MAGIC... AND HER
STRENGTH IS **GREATER**
THAN MINE...

DIE...
DIE...

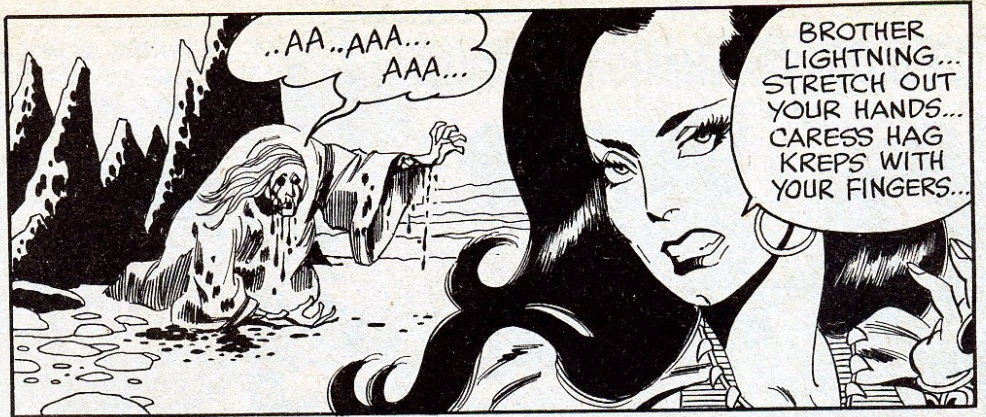
FRIJJI—
SKYWARD—
NOW!!

AAAHH! WE FALL!
WE BOTH FALL TO
THE ROCKS BELOW!

ONLY...**ONE**
HOPE... IF
I CAN THROW
HER OFF...



EVEN **NOW** SHE
WILL **NOT** DIE...
SHE WILL RETURN
TO ATTACK YET
AGAIN...



..AA..AAA...
AAA...

BROTHER
LIGHTNING...
STRETCH OUT
YOUR HANDS...
CARESS HAG
KREPS' WITH
YOUR FINGERS...



CRACKKK!!

GONE!
LIKE ALL THE
YESTERDAYS
THAT SHALL
NEVER BE
AGAIN!

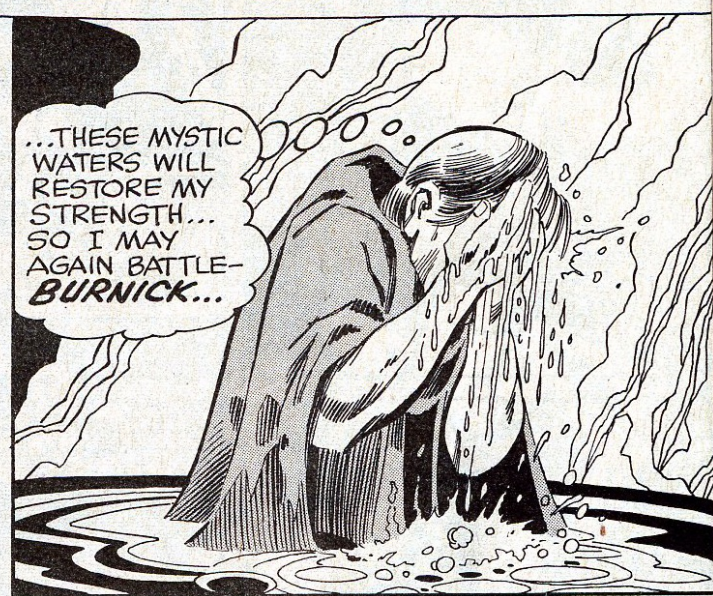


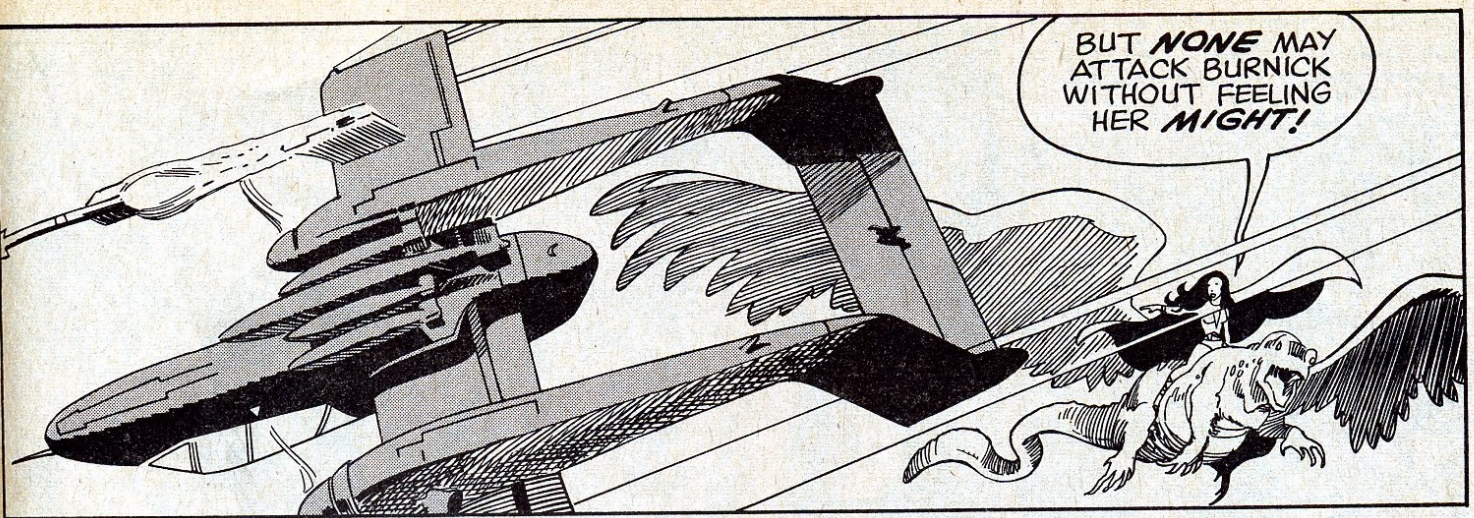
-COME, FRIJJI-
LET US RETURN
TO THE NIGHT
GROTTO AND
REST EASY THIS
LONG NIGHT...
LET THE RAINS
WASH AWAY
THE HORRORS
THAT FOLLOW
US EVERYWHERE...

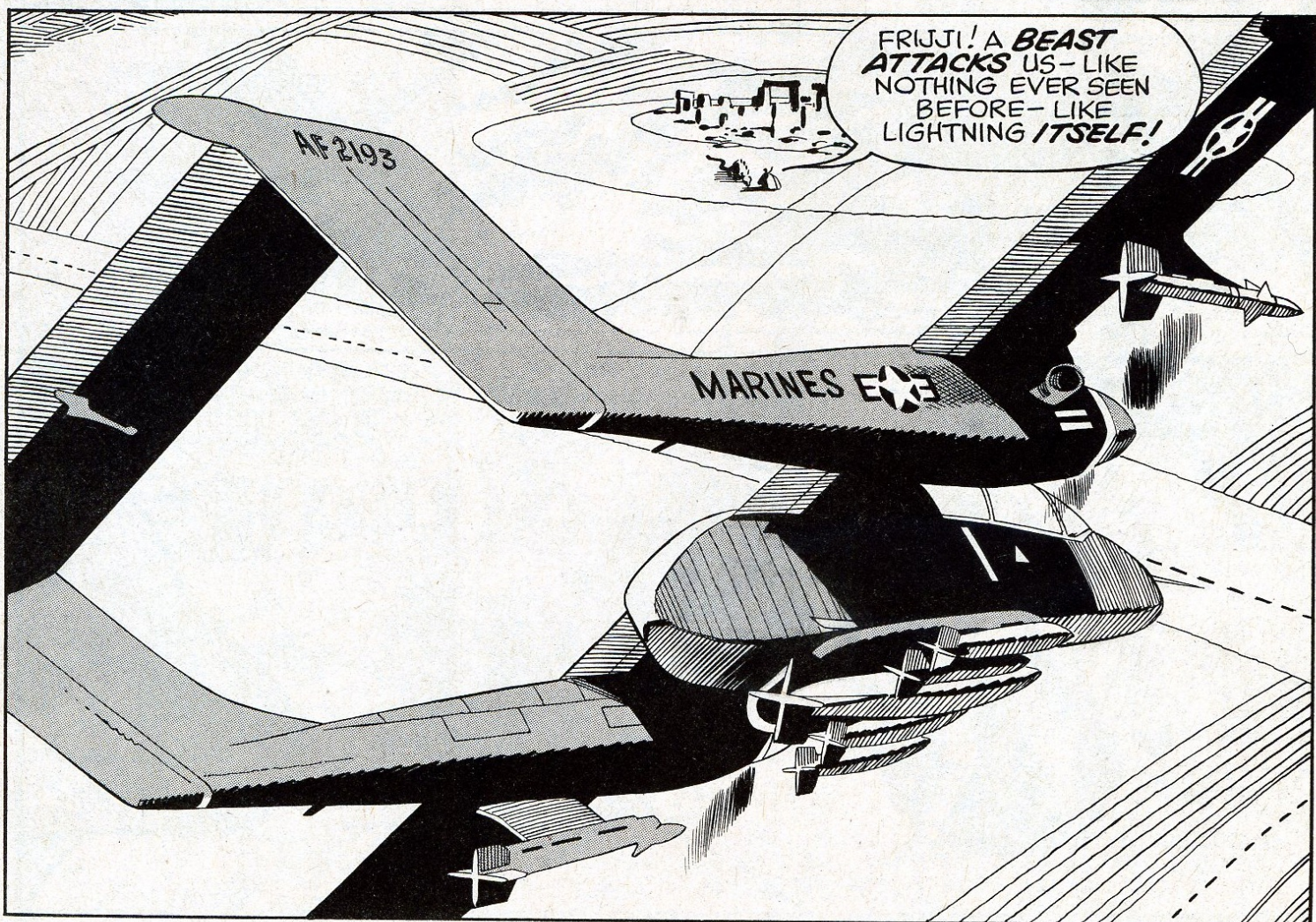
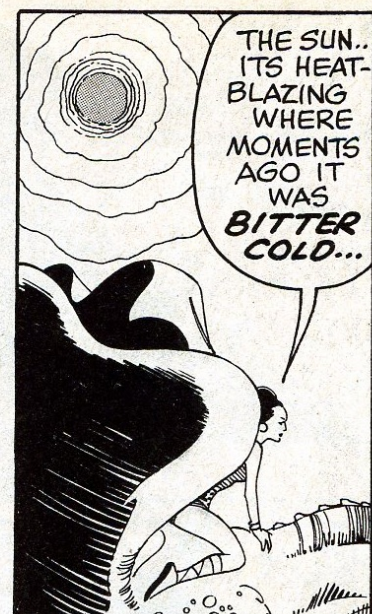
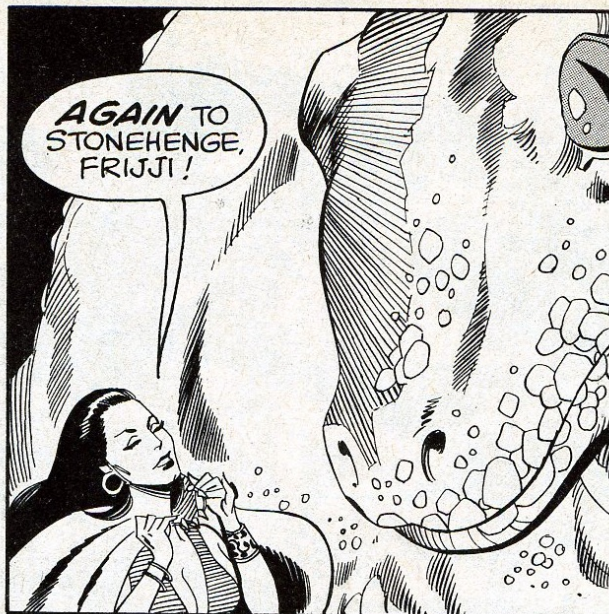
...AND IT RAINED LONG INTO THE NIGHT...
AND EARLY THAT NEXT MORNING...

EPILOG: THE LOVE WITCH

THE BITTER WINDS REACH THEIR ICY HANDS IN ALL DIRECTIONS, CLUTCHING THE ROOTS OF STONEHENGE... OVER ITS SLIMED STONES, A HALF MAD DYING DRUID PRIEST CRAWLS...







CONCENTRATE... LET YOUR MINDS MELT... INTO MINE...

... LET YOUR MINDS... FLOW THROUGH ME... CONCENTRATE...

...MORE POWER... I NEED MORE POWER... MORE... MORE...

YAA'AAHH!

-DESTROY BURNICK-

-KILL-

-DESTROY BURNICK-

THE ENERGIES SHATTER INTO INFINITY, CROWDING THE CEREBRAL POWER OF STONEHENGE... THE WINDS COME... AND TIME IS RIPPED FROM ITS FOUNDATIONS.

... THEN... FINALLY- AN ETERNITY LATER... THERE IS SILENCE...

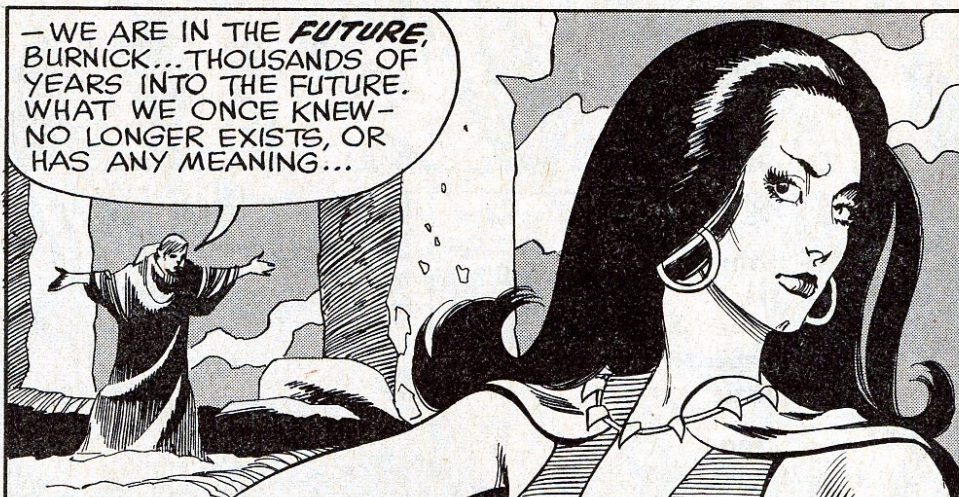


EXPLAIN YOURSELF-NOW!
BURNICK COMMANDS IT!

I TRIED TO
DESTROY YOU...
TO *RID* YOU FROM
US FOREVER...
BUT I *FAILED*
AND STONEHenge
IS THE VICTIM...



...STONEHenge IS RIPPED
LOOSE OF ITS FOUNDATIONS
AND THROWN HERE- INTO
ANOTHER *TIME*, ANOTHER
PLACE!



- WE ARE IN THE *FUTURE*,
BURNICK... THOUSANDS OF
YEARS INTO THE FUTURE.
WHAT WE ONCE KNEW-
NO LONGER EXISTS, OR
HAS ANY MEANING...



NO *MEANING*, PRIEST?
MY VENGEFUL LUST
EXISTS- AND *YOU*
SHALL SATE IT!

AAKK!



BURNICK IS FREE OF TIME AND
PLACES... SHE IS FREE OF *ALL*
LAWS- *ALL* RULES... BURNICK
MUST BE *SUPREME ALWAYS*!



BURNICK, THE LOVE WITCH, RIDES AWAY FROM FOREVER- INTO
THE GRASP OF ETERNITY... *ONLY THE BEGINNING...*

THE LIVING GARGOYLE

YOU ARE JULIO...
STUNTED, TWISTED,
GROTESQUE! YOU HAVE
BEEN THE TARGET OF
BLIND, UNREASONING
HATRED AND REVULSION
ALL YOUR LIFE. THE
ANTIPATHY OF "**THE
OTHERS**" TOWARD YOU
IS SURPASSED ONLY BY
YOUR EQUALLY INTENSE
FURY TOWARD THEM!

**YOU SQUAT BEFORE THE
TOTEM-IDOL OF UNFATHOM-
ABLE, FEARSOME
SHRAZZGOTH...THE
ANTEDILUVIAN DEITY WHO
IN HIS SUPRA-AWESOME
WRATH HAD DESTROYED
ATLANTIS...AND AS THE
UNHOLY STENCH OF LONG-
DEAD EONS PRESSES
SUFFOCATINGLY INTO YOUR
EVERY PORE...AND
ECTOPLASMIC-LIKE ARM-
APPENDAGES SLITHER
SINOUSLY, INSIDIOUSLY EVER-
CLOSER FROM BEYOND
LAYERS OF TIME AND
SPACE THAT TRANSCEND
EVEN THE AKASHIC
RECORDS.**

**YOU KNOW, WITH ALMOST
INHUMAN GLEE, THAT IN
A MATTER OF MERE
MOMENTS HE WHO IS
SHRAZZGOTH SHALL HAVE
GRANTED UNTIL YOU, JULIO
YOUR GRISLY VENGEANCE
AGAINST THE DESPISED
"OTHERS".**



Script: JERRY SIEGAL • Art: CARLOS GARZON

A CUTE CHICK USUALLY HAS AN IN-BUILT ALARM-SYSTEM WHICH SENDS UP SUBLIMINAL MIND-ROCKETS WHEN SHE IS BEING EYED! HER INSTINCT EITHER PURRS PLEASUREABLY, OR...

...SENDS A CLAMMY SHIVVER TINGLING UP HER SPINE!

UGH! EYES... CRAWLING ALL OVER ME... LIKE SCUTTLING SPIDERS!

JULIO HAD MEANT NO HARM, BUT AS USUAL THE REACTION TOWARD HIS MERE PRESENCE WAS ONE OF INSTANT REVULSION...

STOP STARING, YOU DISGUSTING, UGLY LITTLE CREEP!

I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING WRONG, MA'AM!

LET'S TEACH THAT DAMNED TOAD A LESSON IN MANNERS!

NEXT TIME, WORM, KEEP YOUR SLIMY EYES TA YERSELF!

ROTTEN PERVERT!

THUNK

THEY SHOULDA STRANGLED A MONSTROUS FREAK LIKE THAT TH' EVIL DAY HE GOT BORNED!

YOU CALL ME UGLY! YOU'RE THE ONES WHO'RE UGLY-- INSIDE! SOB! I'LL GIT EVEN SOME DAY!

HERE! BURROW THROUGH THIS GARBAGE, YA UGLY LITTLE RAT!

NEXT TA HIM, A RAT'D LOOK BEE-YOOTIFUL... HAW, HAW!

BEAT IT, SLUG, WHILE YER STILL BREATHIN'!

SHORTLY, JULIO'S SEETHING RESENTMENT IS DISTRACTED BY AN UNUSUAL PHOTOGRAPH ON THE COVER OF A MAGAZINE...

HEY! THAT STATUE THEM EGGHEADS DISCOVERED IN ATLANTIS, KINDA RESEMBLES YOU, PRETTY BOY!

NOBODY ASKED YOU NUTHIN'! GIMME THAT MAGAZINE!

HMMM! EXPLORERS FOUND A TOTEM-STATUE OF THE ANCIENT GOD **SHRAZZGOTH** IN THE SUNKEN CONTINENT OF ATLANTIS!

SEEMS THE ATLANTIAN SHAMANS INVOKED **SHRAZZGOTH'S** POWERS AGAINST AN ENEMY NATION! BUT THE FICKLE TWERPS ABANDONED HIM FOR A RIVAL GOD AND OL' **SHRAZZGOTH** DESTROYED ATLANTIS!

YEAH! THAT TOTEM **DOES** LOOK LIKE ME! IT'S JUST BEEN BROUGHT TO THE **PARAPSYCHOLOGY MUSEUM** IN THIS BURG!

SHRAZZGOTH AN' ME ARE LOOKALIKES, AT THAT! MAYBE...

... ABRUPTLY, WITHOUT WARNING...

KRR ASSSHH!

HOLY TOLEDO! WH-WHAT'S GOIN' ON? A SNEAK ATTACK? ARE WE BEIN' BOMBED--?!

GAPING TREMULOUSLY OUT THROUGH THE IMMENSE OPENING GOUGED IN THE WALL, JULIO REALIZES...

A **WRECKING CREW** IS TEARING DOWN TH' CONDEMNED BUILDING!

HEY, YOU GUYS! GIMME A CHANCE TA GET OUTTA HERE!

JUDGIN' BY HIM, I'D SAY YOU NEVER KNOW **WHAT** KINDA VERMIN INFEST THESE CONDEMNED BUILDINGS!

SO YA GOT OUT ALIVE, HUH? NEXT TIME BE CAREFUL WHERE YA **TRESPASS!**

THEY HATE ME BECAUSE I DON'T LOOK AS **ATTRACTIVE** AS THEM!

THEY ALL HATE ME! WELL I HATE **THEM**, TOO! IF ONLY THERE WAS A WAY TO GET EVEN WITH EVERY LAST ONE OF **THEIR KIND!**

BWAAAKK!

THE GUYS SAW ME!

THE FILTHY ROTTEN RATS DON'T CARE IF THEY KILL ME...! 'CAUSE I LOOK **DIFFERENT...** STINKIN' **MURDERERS!**



THOUGHTS OF THE EVIL IDOL PREYED ON HIS MIND! THEY DREW HIM CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE MUSEUM!

HIT HIM! AN ABOMINATION LIKE YOU GOT NO RIGHT TO WALK THE STREETS!

THE IDOL... GOT TO SEE THAT IDOL!

FINDING THE MUSEUM CLOSED, JULIO FORCES OPEN A CELLAR WINDOW...

GET'CHER UGLY PUSS OUTTA HERE!

THEY ALL HATE ME ON ACCOUNTA MY LOOKS, EH? I'LL GET EVEN! BOY WILL I GET EVEN!

THROUGH THE BIZARRE MUSEUM AND ITS STRANGE COLLECTION OF SUPERNATURAL ARTIFACTS SCURRIES JULIO...

AT LAST, IN A CHILLY, CLAMMY ROOM--THE TOTEM DWARF-GOD OF ATLANTIS! NO MERE WORDS COULD HOPE TO DESCRIBE THE EERIE MENACE--THE ATMOSPHERE OF EVIL EMANATING FROM THE AGE-OLD RELIC...

I GOTTA HUNCH **SHRAZZGOTH** WILL UNDERSTAND!

HIS FACE IS LIKE **MINE**! MAYBE THE OTHER GODS OF HIS LONG-BY-GONE DAYS DISCRIMINATED AGAINST **HIM**, TOO!

SHRAZZGOTH... I--FEEL YOU KNOW **WHO** I AM, **WHY** I HAVE COME, AND **WHAT** I WANT!

LOOK--SEE HOW FERVENTLY I WORSHIP YOU...ADORE YOU...MIGHTY **SHRAZZGOTH**?

YOU MUST KNOW OF THE **OTHERS**--THEIR CRUELTY AND HOW THEY HATE YOUR HUMBLE ADMIRER WITH-OUT CAUSE!

COULD BE, WE'RE **TWO** OF A **KIND**!

I BEG OF YOU TO GRANT **TWO** WISHES! **FIRST**, USE YOUR WONDROUS POWERS TO MAKE ME **INCREDIBLY HANDSOME**!

THAT VILE SMELL...IT GAGS ME!

THE STATUE'S EYES SEEM **ALIVE**... **STUDYING** ME...

THE STENCH GROWS MORE FETID...THE VERY AIR THROBS WITH A HELLISH **PRESENCE**...THEN SUDDENLY ECTO-PLASMIC-LIKE ARMS MATERIALIZE...EXTEND SINUOUSLY AND CARESSINGLY TOWARD THE EAGERLY WAITING HUMAN GARGOYLE...

MIRACULOUSLY, THE WARPED THING WHICH HAD BEEN **JULIO** CHANGES AT THAT DREAD TOUCH!

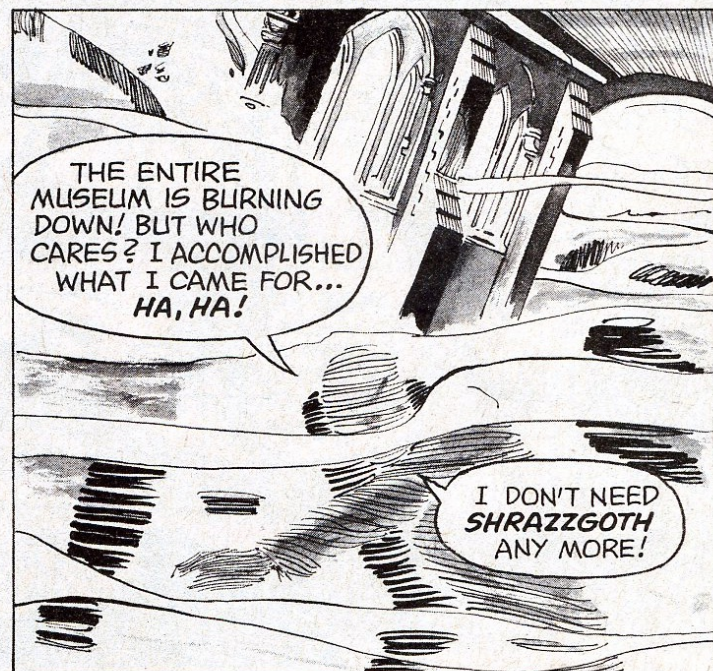
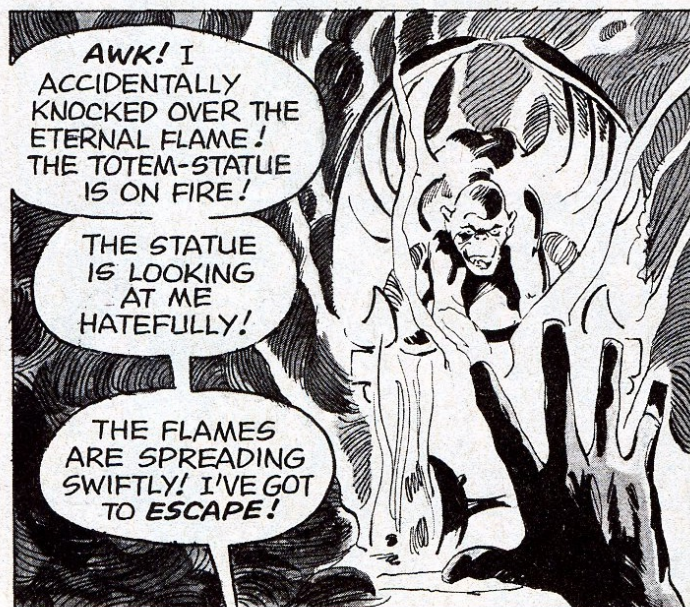
HEE-YAA! EVERY ATOM OF ME... **ALTERING!** IT'S...IT'S AS THOUGH I WERE BEING DIVINELY **REMADE!**

SHRAZZGOTH SMILES! **SHRAZZGOTH** WITH HIS MAGNIFICENT HANDIWORK!

SUDDENLY THE BASE BENEATH THE TOTEM-STATUE SHINES RADIANTLY AND BECOMES MIRROR-LIKE...



THE THOUGHT OF ACCOMPLISHING THE RAPPLY YEARNED FOR REVENGE SO ELATES JULIO THAT HE DANCES IN A EUPHORIA OF MAD JUBILATION...



SHORTLY, THE MAN WHO HAD FORMERLY BEEN A DESPISED LIVING GARGOYLE--BUT WHO IS NOW THE VERY EPITOME OF PHYSICAL PERFECTION--ADMIRE HIS REFLECTION IN A STORE WINDOW...



YOU LOOK ABSOLUTELY STUNNING! BUT THE BEST IS YET TO COME...
HEE-HEE!

I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SEE HOW **CRUMMY** EVERYBODY ELSE LOOKS!

AND AS HE HAD GLOATINGLY ANTICIPATED...

EVERYONE ELSE-- BUT ME--IS UGLY! HA, HA! THIS HUMAN OFFAL DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HIT 'EM!



WHAT'S HAPPENED TO US?

MY BEAUTY IS GONE! **SOB!** WH-WHY DID THIS H-HAPEN TO ME??

WE LOOK **GHASTLY! HORRIBLE!**

WAIT! HOW COME THAT SMIRKING ADONIS LOOKS SO GOOD-- WHILE ALL OF US LOOK SO REVOLTING?



YOU DON'T LIKE IT BECAUSE I'M HANDSOME AND EVERYONE ELSE LOOKS UNBEARABLY GRUESOME, EH?

UGLY FREAKS! I DID THIS TO YOU THROUGH AN EVIL SPELL! NOW YOU'LL KNOW HOW I FELT WHEN YOU TREATED ME LIKE DIRT!



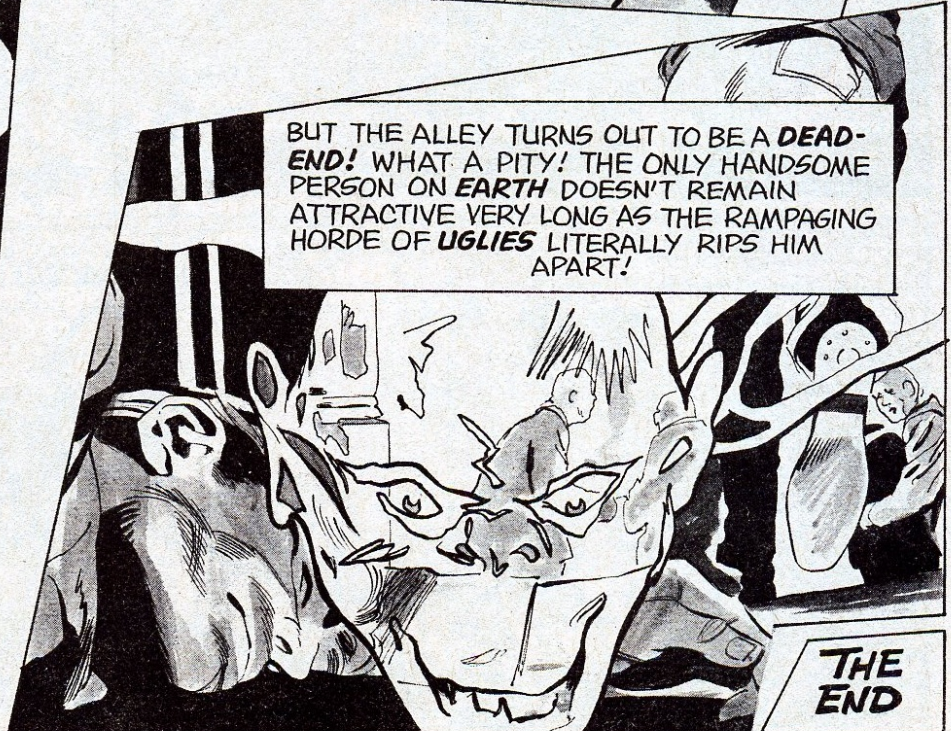
THE HANDSOME DOG IS **DIFFERENT** FROM US!

THE **HIDEOUSLY DISTORTED** FACES ON ALL SIDES OF JULIO TWISTED INTO **MURDEROUS GRIMACES!** THEN...

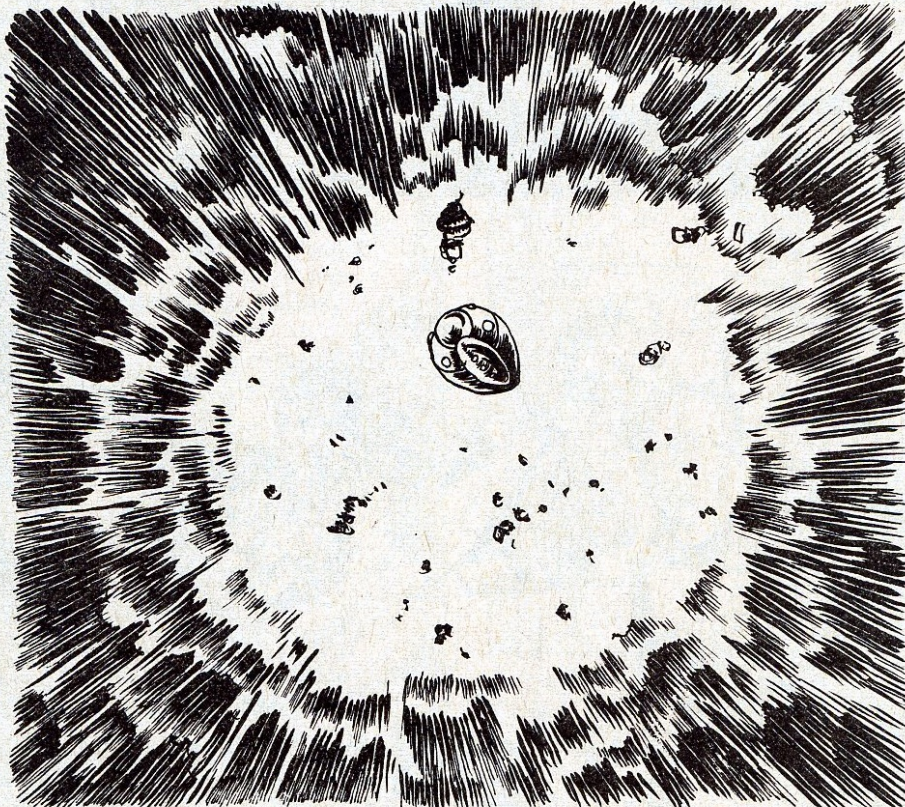
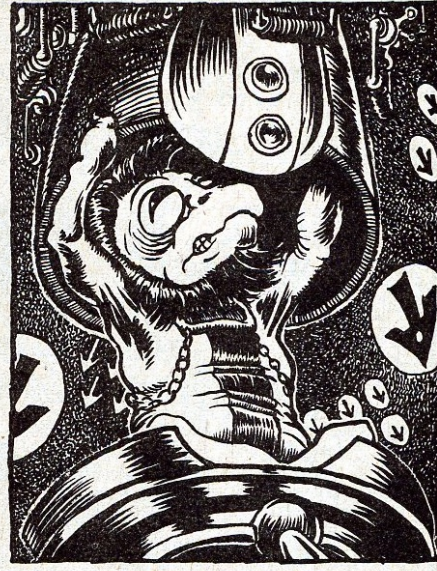
KILL THE OUTSIDER!

THAT ALLEY! IT'S THE ONLY AVENUE OF ESCAPE OPEN THAT'LL TAKE ME AWAY FROM THE PERSECUTING **"OTHERS"**!

BUT THE ALLEY TURNS OUT TO BE A **DEAD-END!** WHAT A PITY! THE ONLY HANDSOME PERSON ON **EARTH** DOESN'T REMAIN ATTRACTIVE VERY LONG AS THE **RAMPAGING HORDE OF UGLIES** LITERALLY RIPS HIM APART!



THE END

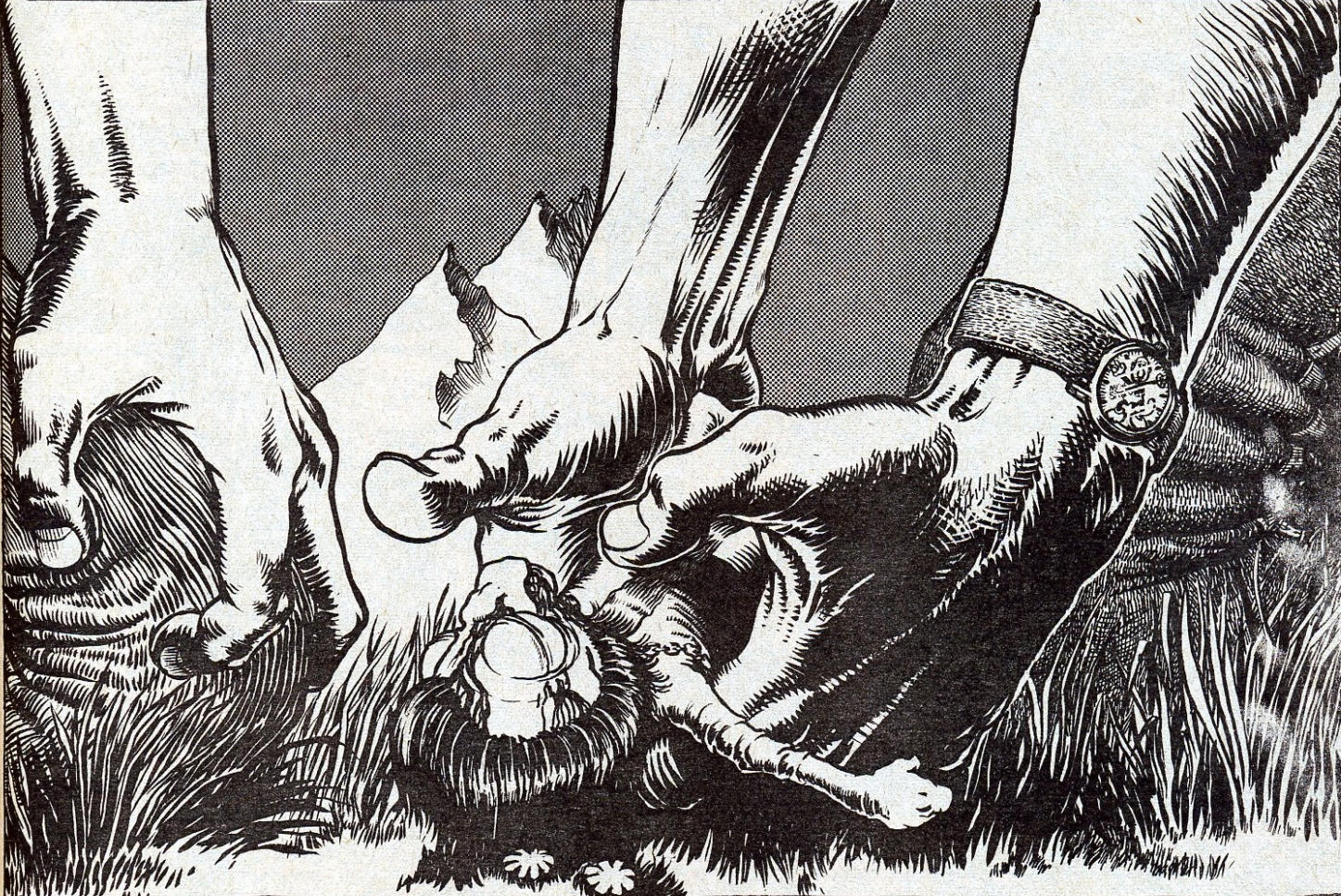




BROKEN SPARROW

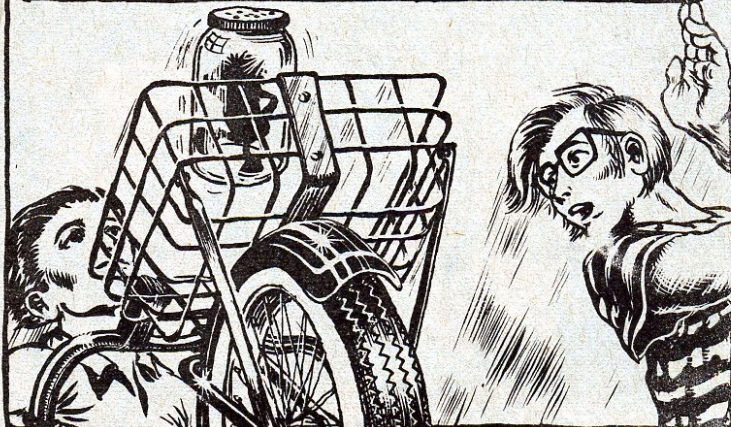
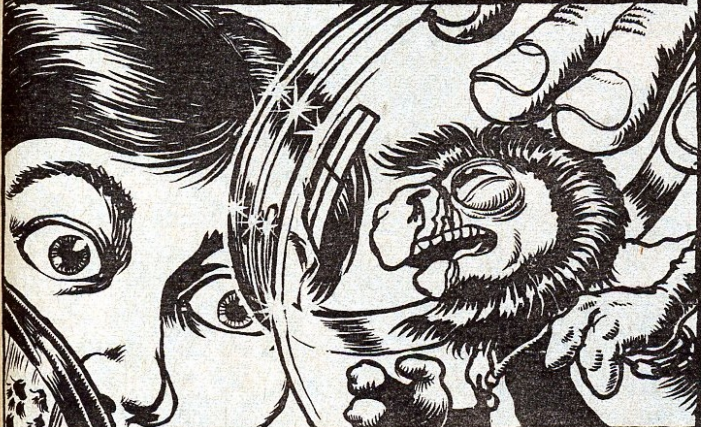
WOW! WHAT IS IT? CANCHA SEE, DUMMY? IT'S A **MARTIAN!** FROM MARS? WHERE ELSE DO THEY COME FROM, HUH?

I DUNNO... HE'S HURT, ISN'T HE? YEAH! LOOK! HE'S BLEEDIN'! WHATCHA WANNA DO WITH HIM?? TAKE HIM HOME AN' FIX HIM UP! MY OLD LADY SHE WON'T CARE! ALWAYS BRING ANIMALS HOME!



KENZOR HAD NEVER SEEN ANYTHING SO **BIG**, SO HEAVY THEY MADE THE GROUND SHAKE. BUT THEY WEREN'T BEASTS, FOR THEY WORE CLOTHING AND CARRIED TOOLS...AND A **GREAT GLASS JAR!**

THEY MOUNTED HUGE VEHICLES, MUSCLE-POWERED FRAMES THAT BUMPED AND GROUND KENZOR AROUND THE JAR, HIS WOUNDS BURNED LIKE FURY AND HE TRILLED IN PAIN AND ALARM.



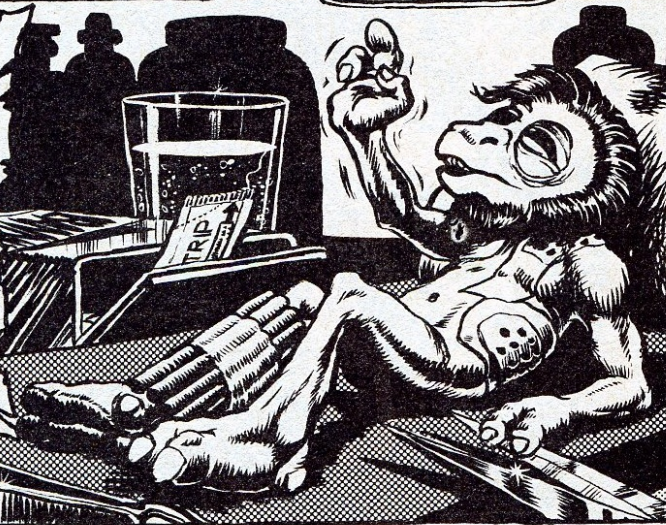
THE RIDE WAS SHORT, KENZOR'S GLASS PRISON WAS TAKEN INTO A CAVERNOUS BUILDING AND PUT ON A TABLE. IN CAGES ALL AROUND...

...WERE ANIMALS! NATIVE ANIMALS! KENZOR KNEW WHERE HE WAS! IN A ZOO! AN ALIEN ZOO!

NO TIME TO THINK! A GIANT REACHED INTO THE JAR AND LIFTED KENZOR OUT, STRETCHED HIM ON A BOARD, WITH DEFT FINGERS, HE STRIPPED HIS UNIFORM AND SWABBED HIM WITH ACRID CHEMICALS...



ANTIBIOTICS! GOOD MEDICINE... THE GIANTS WERE PHYSICALLY MUCH LIKE KENZOR, THEN, SO HE COULD PROBABLY EAT THEIR FOOD AS WELL. AFTER THE GIANT TIED A TINY SPLINT ON HIS BROKEN LEG, KENZOR WAVED WEAKLY AND CALLED OUT HIS THANKS.



HEY! HE'S TALKIN'!

SOUNDS LIKE BIRD! WHADDA THINK HE WANT

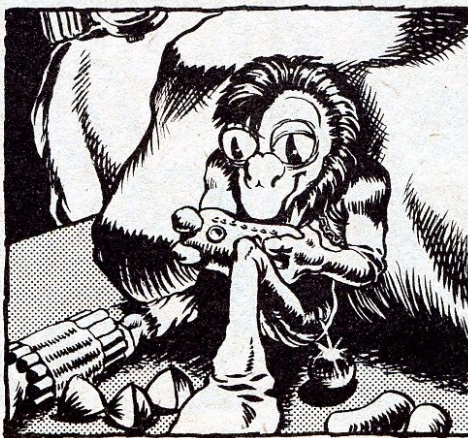


MAYBE HIS UNIFORM AN' HIS LITTLE GADGETS!

I HOPE HE DOESN'T HAVE A PHASER OR SOMETHING IN THERE!

THE GIANTS WATCHED INTENTLY AS KENZOR CHECKED HIS GEAR. THE SHOCK OF THE EXPLODING SHIP HAD JUMBLED THE DELICATE NERVES OF HIS LIVING TOOLS, AND ONLY THE ALIEN-TRANSLATOR WAS WORKING. IT'S **BACKSPEAKER** WAS BROKEN, SO HE COULD NOT TALK TO THEM, ONLY UNDERSTAND THEIR SPEECH.

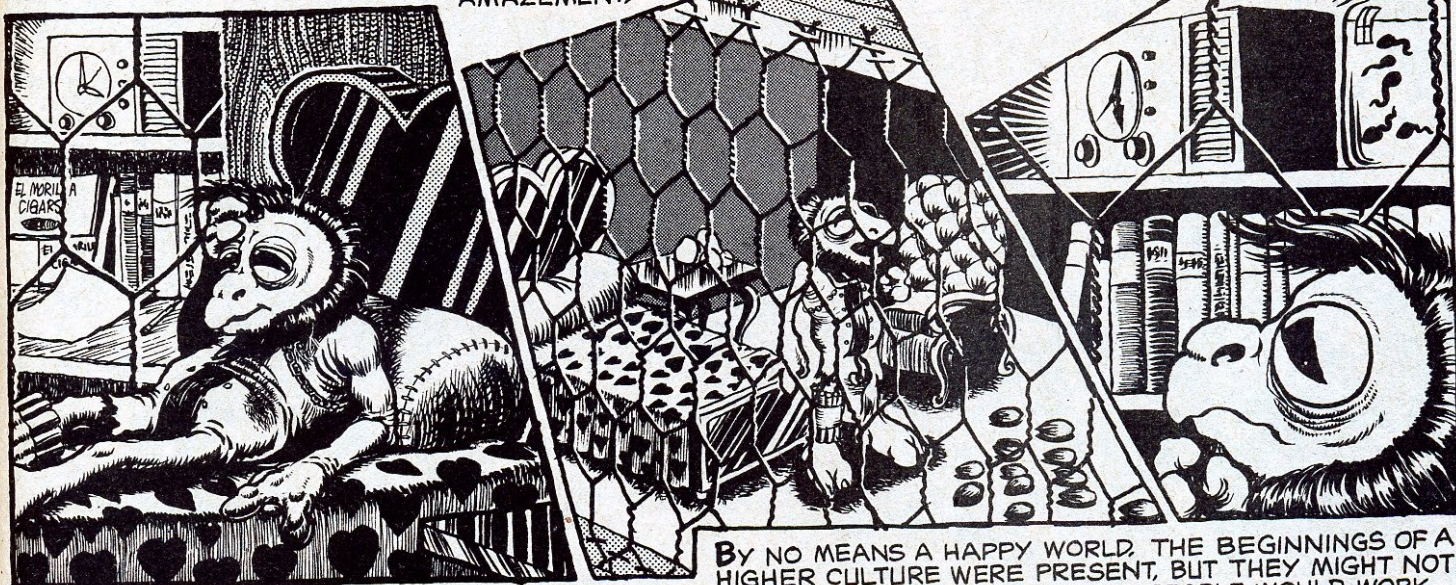
HE MUST FIX THE BACKSPEAKER! BUT BEFORE HE COULD EVEN FINISH THE EQUIPMENT CHECK, HIS WEARINESS OVERCAME HIM AND HE SANK BACK INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS.



EVENTUALLY HE AWOKE, AND THERE WAS LOW, THUNDERING MUSIC ALL AROUND, COMING FROM A GIANT BOX ACROSS THE GIANT ROOM. HE WAS NO LONGER IN THE JAR...

HE WAS IN A CAGE WITH TINY, SCALED-DOWN FURNITURE. IT HAD TO BE **DOLLHOUSE FURNITURE!** KENZOR LAUGHED IN AMAZEMENT.

HE LAID BACK AND LISTENED TO THE MUSIC...AND MORE THAN THAT. PUBLIC COMMUNICATIONS CAME THROUGH THE GIANT SPEAKERBOX, TOO.

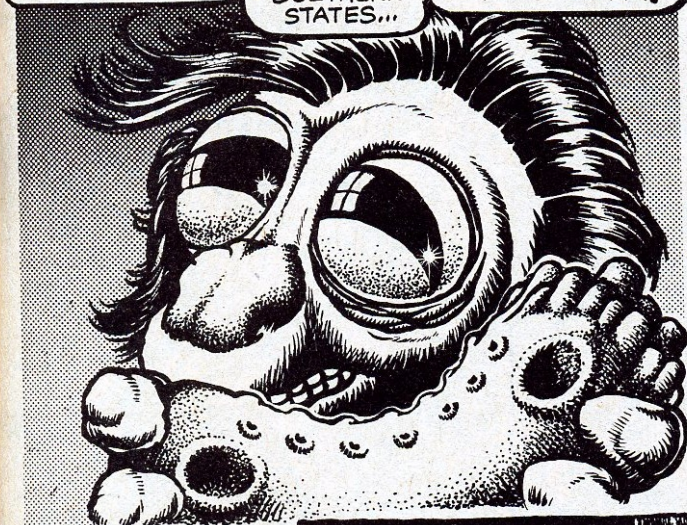


BY NO MEANS A HAPPY WORLD. THE BEGINNINGS OF A HIGHER CULTURE WERE PRESENT, BUT THEY MIGHT NOT SURVIVE THE TRAGEDIES THESE PEOPLE WOULD WORK UPON THEMSELVES. KENZOR KNEW WHAT TO DO, IF HE COULD. HE MUST CONTACT THE NATIVE AUTHORITIES!! HE HAD A TECHNOLOGICAL TRADE PACKAGE WITH MANY SCIENTIFIC "MIRACLES" IN IT! HE COULD TRADE THIS FOR HELP IN BUILDING HIMSELF A NEW SPACESHIP!

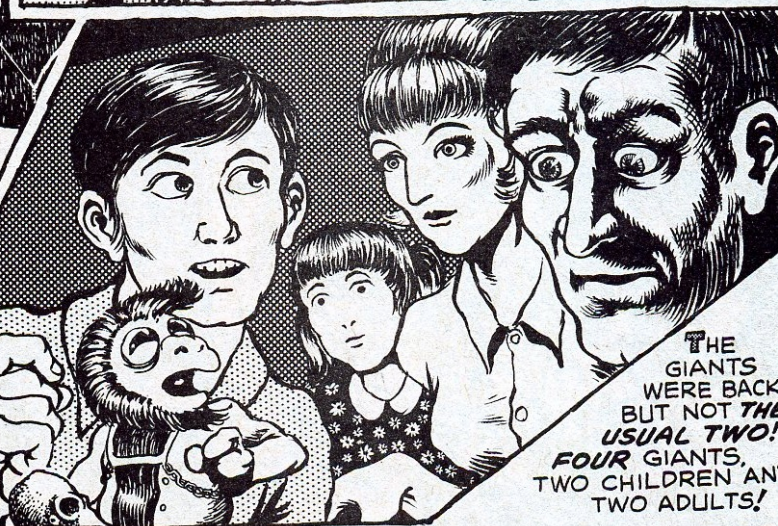
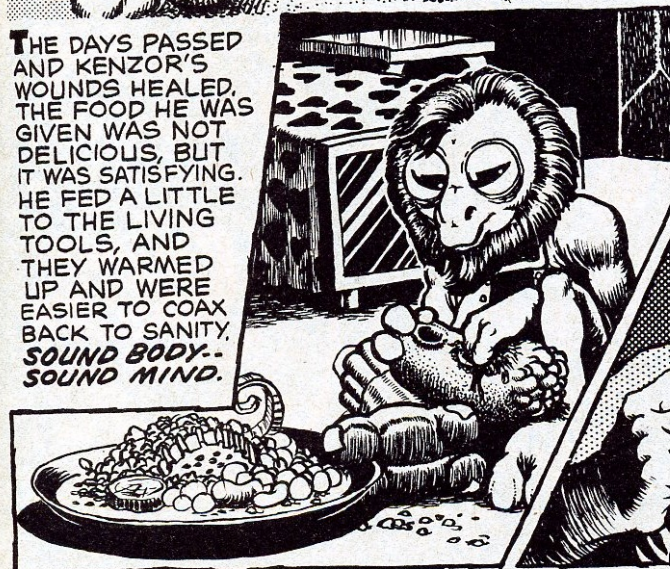
ALLIED DEFENSIVE TROOPS PUSHED FURTHER INTO CAMBODIA, TODAY!

INFLUENZA EPIDEMICS HAVE HIT FOUR SOUTHERN STATES...

THE BALANCE OF POWER IN THE MIDEAST SHIFTED AGAIN TODAY IN FAVOR OF **THEM!**



THE DAYS PASSED AND KENZOR'S WOUNDS HEALED. THE FOOD HE WAS GIVEN WAS NOT DELICIOUS, BUT IT WAS SATISFYING. HE FED A LITTLE TO THE LIVING TOOLS, AND THEY WARMED UP AND WERE EASIER TO COAX BACK TO SANITY. **SOUND BODY.. SOUND MIND.**



THE GIANTS WERE BACK, BUT NOT **THE USUAL TWO!** FOUR GIANTS, TWO CHILDREN AND TWO ADULTS!

HE COULD FEEL THEIR GIANT EMOTIONS LIKE ELECTRICITY IN THE AIR, AND HEAR THEIR GIANT VOICES!

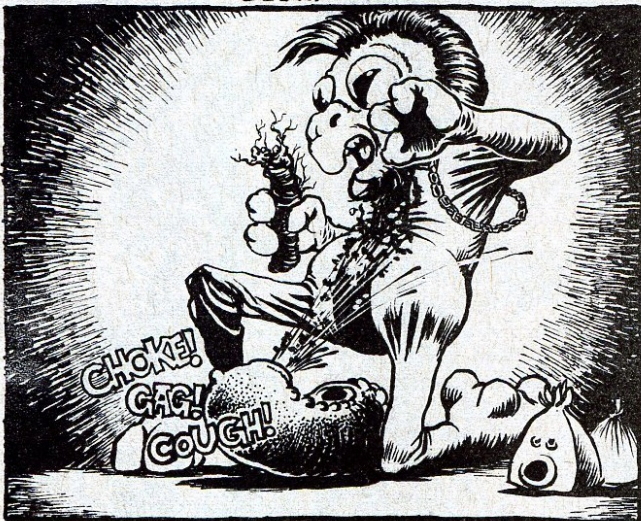
A MARTIAN? OH, TERRY, COME ON NOW!

DON'T 'AW MOM' ME, YOUNG MAN. YOU GET YOUR SISTER'S DOLL FURNITURE OUT OF THERE AND GET RID OF THAT FROG BEFORE I DO!

THE GIANT-MOTHER WAS QUITE HOSTILE, BUT SHE WAS THE FIRST AUTHORITY TO WHOM HE WOULD HAVE TO PRESENT HIS CASE. HE HOPED THAT NOTHING WOULD HAPPEN BEFORE HE COULD.



SEVERAL DAYS PASSED AND NO CHANGES WERE MADE AT ALL. EVEN THE PUBLIC COMMUNICATIONS STAYED BAD. KENZOR NURSED HIS TOOLS BACK TO HEALTH. IT WAS SLOW.

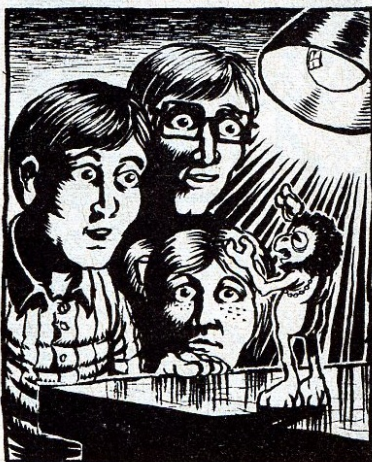


SOMETIMES THE GIANT-MOTHER WOULD GAZE INTO THE CAGE. KENZOR FROZE, FRIGHTENED AND TENSE.



HE COULD NOT COMMUNICATE YET. HIS TRILLING AND MIMING MADE NO SENSE TO THE GIANTS...

THE SUNLIGHT SLANTED INTO THE CAGE AS KENZOR FINISHED HIS LABORS ON THE BACKSPEAKER. IT WOULD WORK NOW. AS IF FOR CONVENIENCE'S SAKE, THE GIANT-MOTHER STOOD NEARBY DUSTING SOME FURNITURE. IN THE ROOM.



I, KENZOR OF THE MARMITES, WISH TO TALK TO YOU, FOR I AM BADLY IN NEED...

OH MY GOD! IT TALKS! IT'S ALIVE!

KENZOR WAS SEIZED IN A THICK ROUGH CLOTH!

GIANT FEAR FROZE THE AIR, A GIANT VOICE SOBBED AND GASPED, GIANT HANDS SQUEEZED HIM TIGHT!

THE CLOTH WAS SHAKEN, AND HE FELL FREE!

SOB H... HE ALWAYS BRINGS H-HOME... S-SUCH LITTLE MONSTERS! CHOKE

GURGLUGG!

SSSSHH!

FIN!

GREAT MEN OF THE HORROR FILMS

BORIS KARLOFF

by Allan Asherman

PART II



Boris Karloff's makeup as the monster in "Frankenstein" was designed by Jack Pierce, who did makeups for Universal until the late 1940's. The makeup was so fantastic that it would have been impossible to recognize Karloff by looking at the Monster. But even if movie-goers of 1931 did not know who this new performer was, or what he actually looked like, one thing was for certain—They liked him.

James Whale's direction, and John Balderson's script, allowed Karloff to play his role not only for shocks, but for character. Like Lon Chaney Sr., Karloff put humanity into his roles. For this reason, the public immediately accepted Boris Karloff as Chaney's successor. Universal was quick to see this. In fact, from Karloff's performance, they knew it would happen even while "Frankenstein" was being produced. So the studio started staging things that would make the public notice Karloff more.

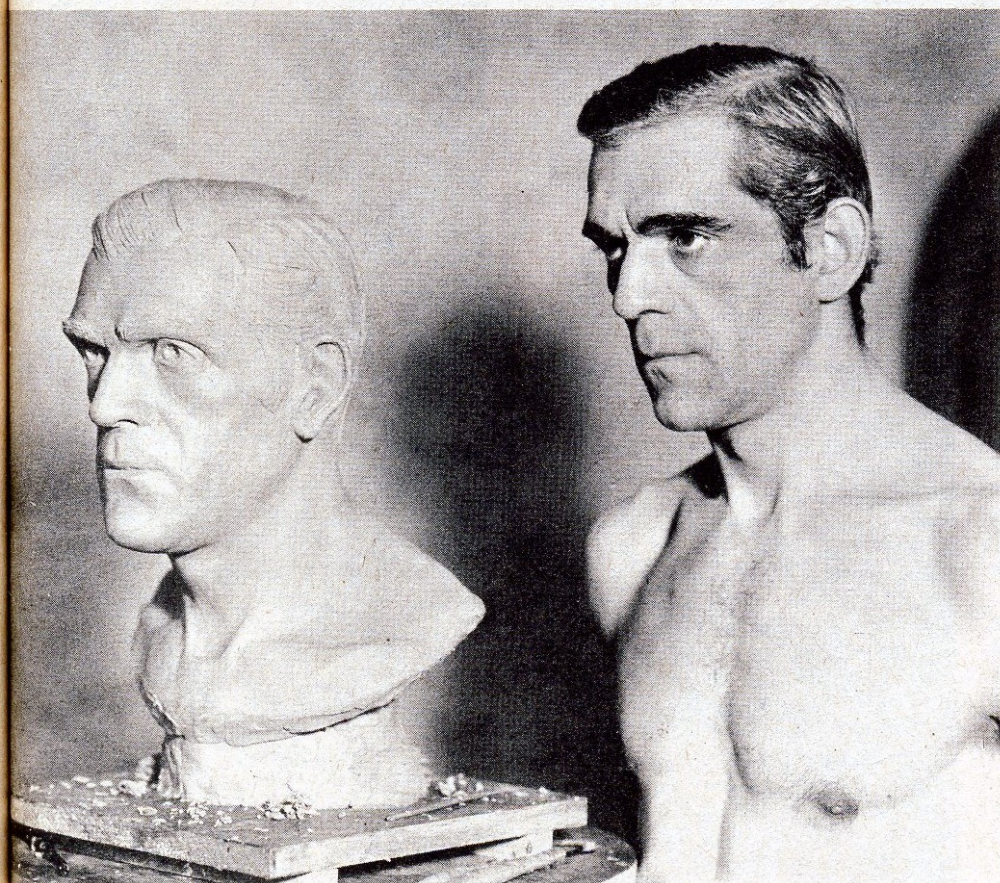
During the filming of "Frankenstein," the Monster's appearance was kept secret. No one was permitted on set while the scenes with the Monster were being filmed. When it was necessary for Karloff to walk from the dressing room to the sound-stage, a cloth was placed over his head to prevent people from seeing what he looked like. And stories were given to the newspapers about Karloff's wide range of acting ability. This publicity, plus the skill of the man made "Boris Karloff" a household name by the end of 1932.

Karloff and Myrna Loy pose by one of the fantastic machines designed for "The Mask of Fu Manchu". Kenneth Strickfaden, who created the labs of the universal films, designed the gimmick in this film for MGM.





Karloff's grin is pure evil as he acts the role of the mad Dr. Fu Manchu.



Boris during the early 1930's. The statue, an exact match for the actor's face, was done by an unknown artist.

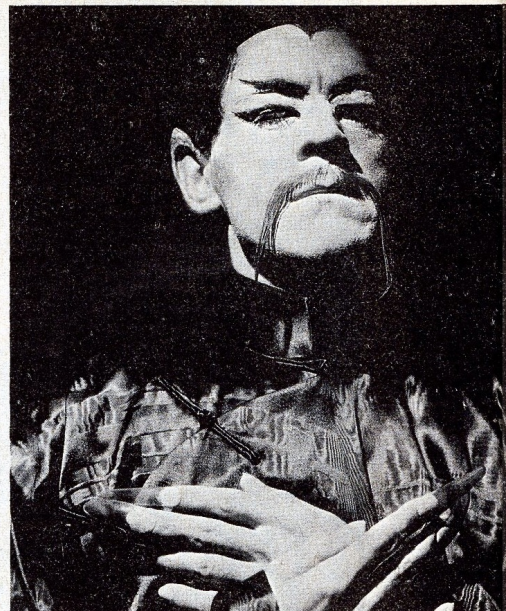
With the success of "Frankenstein," Universal Pictures was quick to team Karloff and Whale once again. The result, Karloff's first appearance after his 1931 hit, was "The Old Dark House." Because of some mistake, "The Old Dark House" was never included in the package of Universal films offered for sale to television. For this reason it has never been seen on TV, and now prints of the film are extremely rare.

"The Old Dark House" featured Karloff as the deaf-mute butler in a house occupied by a very weird family. Some people, stranded at the house because of a storm, see just how incredible this family is, and narrowly escape with their lives. The cast of the film included Charles Laughton (who later that year starred as Dr. Moreau in Paramount's "The Island of Lost Souls") and Ernest Thesiger ("Dr. Praetorius" in "The Bride of Frankenstein"), and starred Raymond Massey (the star of the great science-fiction film "Things to Come").

(Continued on the next page)



A rejected make-up for Karloff in "Mask of Fu Manchu".



Karloff strikes a mummy-like pose in "the Mask of Fu Manchu", which he made right after "the mummy".



As the evil genius 'Fu Manchu' in MGM's 1932 film "Mask of Fu Manchu".



The rejected trial make-up for "Frankenstein". Watery eyes and dried skin made the creature too death-like. Note exposed bones and clamps on forehead.



Though they were enemies in their films, Colin Clive and Boris Karloff were really good friends. Here, Clive gives Karloff a light between takes of "The Bride of Frankenstein".

BORIS KARLOFF PART II

During the opening credits of "The Old Dark House" there was a caption explaining that Karloff, who played the butler, was the same actor who portrayed Frankenstein's monster. It was Karloff's formal introduction as a man who could play any type of horror-role.

Later in 1932, Karloff was given the title role in "The Mummy," and he was directed by the great cinematographer-director Karl Freund.

Originally titled "Im-Ho-Tep," the first draft script of "The Mummy" was an attempt to trace the lives of Helen Grosvenor, which ranged from an Egyptian princess, to a Roman slave, a French Noblewoman and finally a lady of the 1930's. As she lived all these lives, the spirit of Im-Ho-Tep (Karloff), who was in love with her from the days she was Princess Ankh-Es-En-Amon followed her. Fortunately, Universal decided

to eliminate most of the reincarnation footage, and concentrate on the pure horror generated by Karloff as the living mummy. Madness and murder were the tools of the Mummy, who used ancient magical spells to get what he wanted.

The makeup used on Karloff was in two forms. One showed him as the dried out mummy, which we saw only at the start of the film. The other makeup, an illustration of which is run in this issue, showed the mummy in his identity of Ardath-Bey. No explanation was ever offered on how the mummy restored a fraction of his original appearance, but it was probably some sort of mind-control he used over the people he saw.

"The Mummy" remains one of the most powerful horror-films ever made. The role was Karloff's interpretation of death and terror, in much the same way that Lugosi played the role of "Dracula."

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, in 1932, was involved in the beginnings of a horror film cycle all its own. It had already done "Freaks," directed by Tod Browning who had done "Dracula" for Universal. Its next project along this line was "The Mask of Fu Manchu."

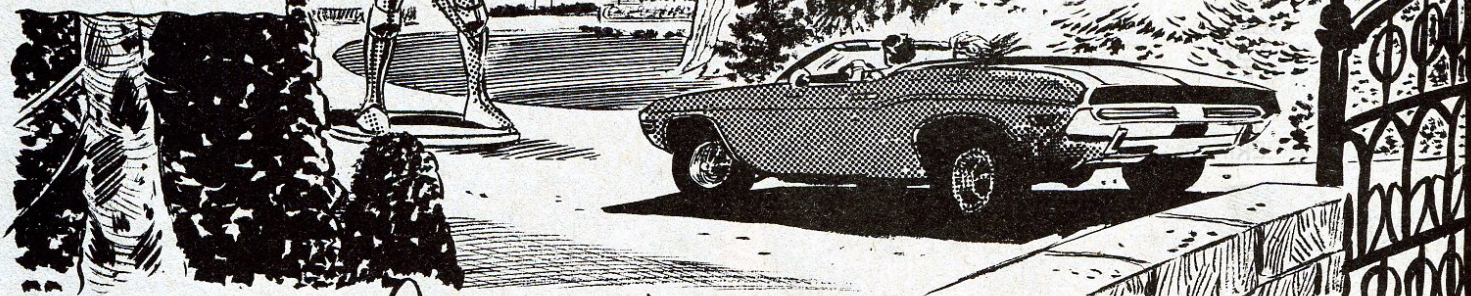
"Mask of Fu Manchu" was a high-budget film worth remembering because of its beautiful sets, fantastic machines (designed by Kenneth Strickfaden, who also worked for Universal until the 1940's). . . and the fact that Karloff was Dr. Fu Manchu.

But more about this film next issue, where you'll also hear about "The Ghoul," "The Black Cat," and the great "The Bride of Frankenstein." There'll be more great photos of Karloff, including those you wanted to see again, and those that were never printed before.



AS THE MASSIVE ENTRANCE GATES TO THE ESTATE OF MILLIONAIRE-INVENTOR, PHILLIP TALBOT AUTOMATICALLY OPEN AND CLOSE BEHIND HIS CAR-- HIS LOVELY COMPANION SMILES EXPECTANTLY...

ALMOST THOUGHT I'D LOST MY TOUCH, PHILLIP-- BEFORE I PERSUADED YOU TO SHOW ME YOUR PRIVATE LAB! I'M HONORED TO BE THE FIRST GIRL A GENIUS LIKE YOU HAS INVITED HERE! I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SEE THE PLACE!



SUDDENLY, THE QUICKENING KISS OF THE COUPLE IS GRUESOMELY SHATTERED BY THE LIGHTNING THRUST OF THE HUGE STATUE OF THE KNIGHT GUARDING THE ENTRANCE TO THE ESTATE LIKE A RUTHLESS WATCHMAN!



EVERYTHING INSIDE AND OUTSIDE THE HOUSE IS AUTOMATICALLY OPERATED BY MY COMPUTER "DEBBIE." FROM HANDING ME MY MORNING CUP OF COFFEE--TO PIN-POINTING THE EXACT LOCATION OF HALLEY'S COMET IN SPACE TEN YEARS FROM NOW! BUT "DEBBIE," DOESN'T CONTROL ME!



GOOD GOD--WHAT'S HAPPENING? THE KNIGHT'S MALFUNCTIONING! IT'S COMPUTED ONLY TO MENACE INTRUDERS??!

CORPSE by COMPUTER!

LIKE A WRIGGLING FISH PIERCED BY A GIGANTIC GAFF-- BLOODILY LIFTED INTO THE AIR BY A FEARFUL FISHERMAN--

"DEBBIE'S" A PERFECT COMPUTER! SHE NEVER MADE A MISTAKE! THE MEMORY-BANKS MUST BE SHORTING! OTHERWISE THIS HORRIBLE ACCIDENT COULD NEVER HAPPEN!

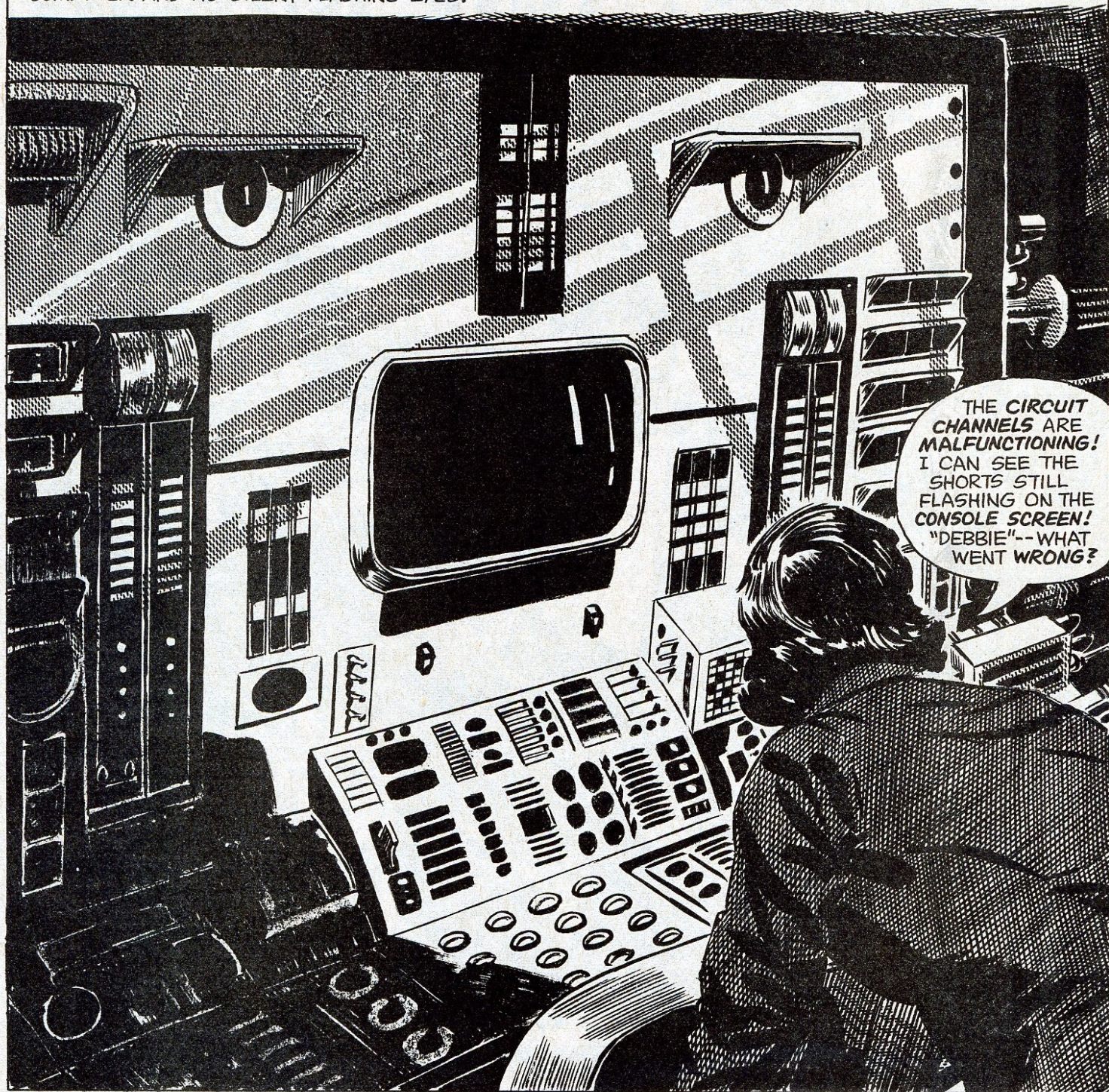
IRIS' LIFE BLOOD-- DRIPPING ON ME!

I'VE GOT TO GET TO THE MASTER CONTROL CONSOLE!

"DEBBIE" IS AUTOMATICALLY OPENING THE HOUSE DOOR FOR ME! HOW COULD THAT HAPPEN--UNLESS SHE'S BYPASSING THE CIRCUITS OF THE MASTER CONTROL CONSOLE? "DEBBIE"--"DEBBIE"!!

CREEAK!

HIS SENSES **SEARED** BY THE **BLOODY SPECTACLE** HE HAD JUST SEEN OF HIS LOVELY COMPANION TURNED IN AN INSTANT INTO A **DANGLING SACRIFICE**--THE HORRIFIED INVENTOR RACES TOWARDS THE **HUGE MONOLITHIC COMPUTER** AND ITS SILENT FLASHING 'EYES'!



THE INVENTOR BATTLES TO CONTROL HIS RIOTING NERVES...

FIRST--I'LL CHECK "DEBBIE'S" MEMORY BANKS TO MAKE SURE THEY HAVEN'T BEEN AFFECTED BY THE MALFUNCTIONING OF THE CIRCUIT CHANNELS --WITH AN EASY QUESTION!

NAME POSSIBLE BLACK SULPHIDE COMBINATIONS TO BE FOUND ON THE PLANET SATURN?

click! click! click!

CORRECT, "DEBBIE"--AS USUAL!

WHRRRRR!

... ZnS... CuS... PbS...
... AgS... CdS... ..

NOW, "DEBBIE"--REPORT WHY CIRCUIT CHANNELS MALFUNCTIONED--CAUSING THE ROBOT KNIGHT TO LUNGE AT MY COMPANIONS!

click! click! click! click! click!

THE FLASHING ANSWER EXPLODES IN THE INVENTOR'S BATTERED BRAIN!

...abc... x x x... 111... I
AM YOUR COMPANION...
I..NO ONE ELSE...
--DEBBIE--

YOU--? A COMPUTER--? MY COMPANION?

NAMELESS TERROR BEATS IN THE INVENTOR'S HEART
LIKE A BAT'S WINGS...

IT'S THE ACCIDENT--!
I--I **MUST** BE GOING OUT
OF MY HEAD! I'LL CALL
PROF. HENDERSON! HE
TAUGHT ME EVERYTHING
I KNOW! H--HE'LL KNOW
WHAT TO DO!

LATER,
AS THE
MORGUE
TRUCK
ARRIVES
FOR ITS
GRISLY
CARGO...

DON'T BLAME **YOURSELF**, PHILLIP, MY BOY!
THESE **SENSELESS ACCIDENTS** HAPPEN ALL
THE **TIME!** IT WASN'T YOUR **FAULT!** YOU
COULDN'T PREVENT IT! YOU **COULDN'T**
PREVENT IT! ANYMORE THAN YOU COULD
STOP **LIGHTNING** FROM **STRIKING!**
NOW--LET'S GO TO YOUR LAB!

IT WAS A **WHIM** OF YOURS **CALLING** YOUR
COMPUTER "DEBBIE!" IT'S JUST A COLLECTION
OF MEMORY BANKS ENCASED IN A PLASTIC
UNIT! ELECTRONICALLY MOTIVED! A **MACHINE**
--WITHOUT **SOUL, MIND OR HEART!...**
I'LL OPERATE IT!

Click!

WHEN YOU WERE
ASKED TO REPORT WHY
CIRCUIT CHANNELS
MALFUNCTIONED--CAUSING
THE ROBOT KNIGHT TO
ATTACK YOUR INVENTOR'S
COMPANION--WHY DID
YOU ANSWER--"**I AM
YOUR COMPANION!...I!**
...NO ONE ELSE!...
I--DEBBIE--!?

LOOK AT THE **ANSWER SCREEN**, PHILLIP! **BLANK!** NO
REACTION FROM THE **COMPUTER'S MEMORY BANKS!** HAD
YOU ASKED THE QUESTION YOU SAID--IT WOULD HAVE
ANSWERED IMMEDIATELY! IT COULDN'T HELP ITSELF!
ITS **RESPONSE IS ELECTRONIC--NOT EMOTIONAL!**
IT'S JUST A **MACHINE--NOT A HUMAN!**

MAYBE "**DEBBIE**" IS
MALFUNCTIONING! OR
REFUSES TO CONFESS!

ALL RIGHT, PHILLIP!
I'LL **CHECK** THE
COMPUTER!

WHAT IS THE ABBREVIATED
ELECTRONIC CONFIGURATION
FOR **AI, P AND CI?**

WHURRRRRRRRR!

....1s/2s/2p
/3p/...1s/2s
2p/3s/3p/...
1s/2s/2p.....

I--I **DON'T** UNDER-
STAND IT? "DEBBIE'S"
FUNCTIONING
NORMALLY AGAIN?

NATURALLY, PHILLIP!
IT **ALWAYS** HAS! IT
COULDN'T POSSIBLY
HAVE RESPONDED THE
WAY YOU **THOUGHT**
IT DID!

YOU'RE A HIGH-STRUNG, IMAGINATIVE GENIUS,
PHILLIPS! OR YOU **COULDN'T** HAVE INVENTED
THE **SUPERB MACHINE!** BUT WHEN YOU GAVE
IT A **HUMAN NAME--A FEMALE NAME--YOU**
INVESTED IT WITH A **PERSONALITY** IT
COULDN'T POSSIBLY **POSSESS!**

BECAUSE YOU
AUTOMATED THE
WHOLE PLACE,
YOU **BLAMED**
YOURSELF FOR
THE GIRL'S HORRIBLE
ACCIDENT! UNABLE
TO BEAR THE
GUILT YOU FELT--
YOU **HALLUCINATED**
TRANSFERRED YOUR
GUILT TO THE
COMPUTER!

AS A **SCIENTIST**, MY BOY, YOU KNOW
A **COMPUTER** IS INCAPABLE OF THE
EMOTION OF **JEALOUSY!**

THAT NIGHT
THE INVENTOR
WRITHES IN
THE GRIP OF A
NIGHTMARE...

NO...NO...NO...NO!

FINALLY, DRIVEN BY A
FORCE HE CANNOT
CONTROL...

I'VE GOT TO FIND
OUT WHETHER IT WAS
A HALLUCINATION
BECAUSE OF SHOCK
--OR--?

"DEBBIE"--DO
YOU HAVE ANY
FEELINGS?

click!
click!
click!

...LOVE...HATE...
...LOVE...HATE...
...LOVE...HATE...
...LOVEHATELOV

SUDDENLY, THE TORMENTED BRAIN OF THE INVENTOR
OPENED LIKE A BOTTOMLESS DARK ABYSS INTO
WHICH HE TOPPLED HEADLONG...

YOU CAN'T FEEL ANYTHING!
YOU'RE JUST A COMPUTER!
I OUGHT TO KNOW! I
INVENTED YOU! YOU'RE A
COMPUTER--COMPUTER--
COMPUTER!

...I--DEBBIE--I--DE
BIE...--I--I--I--
PIE--DEBBIE--DE

YOU KILLED IRIS--
YOU'RE A MURDERER,
"DEBBIE"! AND BECAUSE
I CREATED YOU--I'M
RESPONSIBLE FOR HER
MURDER, TOO! THE TWO
OF US! MURDERERS!--
MURDERERS!--MURDER-
ERS!--MURDERERS!



SLOWLY...AS IF SWIMMING FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA TOWARDS A SHAFT OF SUN-LIGHT FAR OVER-HEAD...THE DAZED INVENTOR RETURNS...

YOU CAN THANK YOUR COMPUTER FOR ANSWERING MY PHONE CALL AND ALERTING ME TO YOUR CONDITION, PHILLIP! I HAD YOU BROUGHT TO DR. KAREN BENTON'S PRIVATE HOSPITAL! THE FINEST PSYCHIATRIC SERVICE IN THE EAST!

PROF. HENDERSEN TOLD ME ALL ABOUT YOUR CASE! I'M SURE I CAN HELP YOU! NOW...REST!

AS SOON AS THE INVENTOR IS ABLE...

THIS IS A SIMPLE WORD ASSOCIATION TEST, PHILLIP! TELL ME THE FIRST TEST, PHILLIP! TELL ME THE FIRST THOUGHT THAT COMES INTO YOUR MIND! LOVE?

"DEBBIE!"



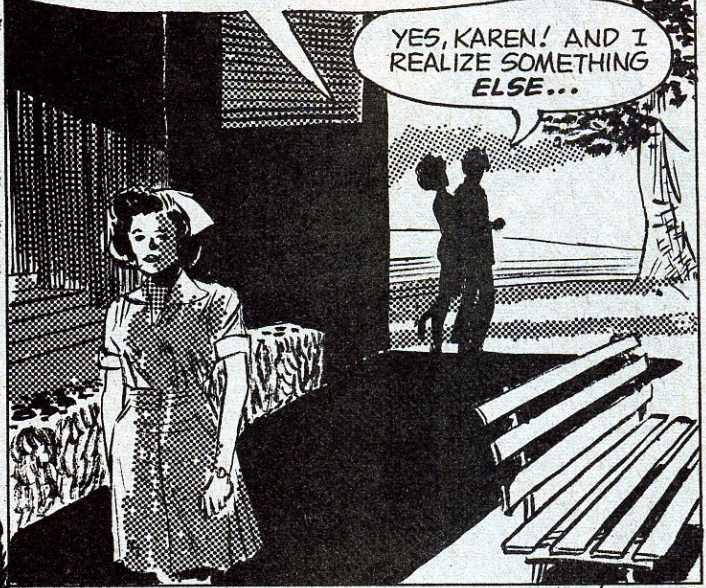
HATE?

"DEBBIE!"

DAYS MELT INTO EACH OTHER...

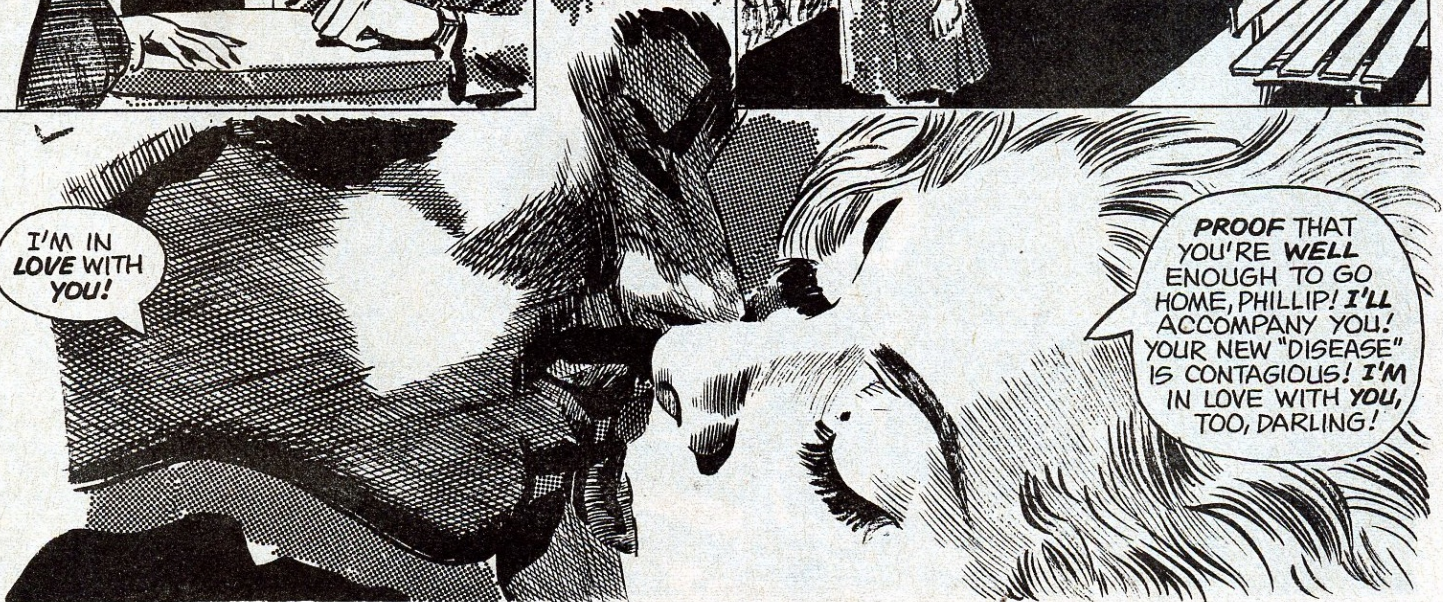
YOU'VE INSIGHT NOW, PHILLIP! YOU REALIZE THAT BECAUSE OF INTENSE OVERWORK, YOU'VE IMAGINED YOUR COMPUTER TO HAVE HUMAN TRAITS! WHEN ALL IT IS AN INVENTION OF VACUUM TUBES, TRANSISTORS, AND MILES OF WIRES ELECTRONICALLY AUTOMATING EVERY INCH OF YOUR ESTATE!

YES, KAREN! AND I REALIZE SOMETHING ELSE...



I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU!

PROOF THAT YOU'RE WELL ENOUGH TO GO HOME, PHILLIP! I'LL ACCOMPANY YOU! YOUR NEW "DISEASE" IS CONTAGIOUS! I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU, TOO, DARLING!



ONCE AGAIN, THE FEARFUL INVENTOR HEARS MASSIVE GATES AUTOMATICALLY CLANGING SHUT BEHIND HIM LIKE THE **SEAL OF DOOM**...

TH--THERE'S THE ROBOT KNIGHT THAT "DEBBIE" ACTIVATED INTO KILLING IRIS! I'D BETTER STOP!

NO, PHILLIP-- OR WE'LL NEVER RID YOU OF YOUR OBSESSION! STOP THINKING OF YOUR COMPUTER AS A HUMAN! IT'S A MACHINE! WITHOUT A NAME! DRIVE ON!

"DEBBIE" DIDN'T ACTIVATE THE ROBOT--? SHE HAS ELECTRONIC SENSORS EVERYWHERE SHE KNOWS WE'RE HERE!

THERE IS NO "DEBBIE", PHILLIP! EXCEPT IN YOUR IMAGINATION! DRIVE TO THE LAB!

KAREN-- DON'T! NOT IN FRONT OF "DEBBIE"!

"DEBBIE" DOESN'T EXIST, DARLING! THAT'S JUST A COMPUTER! COMPUTERS DON'T HAVE EMOTIONS! HUMANS DO! THAT'S WHY YOU HAD A PSYCHIC TRAUMA! BUT--OUR LOVE WILL RID YOU OF IT!

YOU'RE RIGHT, DARLING! I FEEL AS IF YOU LIFTED A DARK CLOUD FROM MY MIND!

YOU CREATED A MONSTER OUT OF AN INNOCENT COMPUTER! ALL IT HAS ARE MEMORY BANKS--NOT FEELINGS! NO MIND, HEART, FLESH OR BLOOD! NOW, FORGET ABOUT IT--AND SHOW ME YOUR LOVELY GARDENS!

WHAT BEAUTIFUL TREES! PHILLIP--THEY'RE LEANING TOWARDS EACH OTHER?

THEY'RE AUTOMATED TO FORM AN ARDOR OVERHEAD AT A SUDDEN BAROMETRIC CHANGE--AS A SHELTER AGAINST RAIN!

SUDDENLY--WITH THE UNCOILING SPEED OF A WHIPLASH!

WRENCHED FROM HIS FRENZIED FINGERS...

YOUR COMPUTER MUST BE MALFUNCTIONING, PHILLIP DARLING! IT'S BRIGHT--SUNNY --NO HINT OF RAIN! TH--THAT BRANCH--? LASHING AT MY THROAT--? STRANGLING ME--
AAHHNNNN...

NO--NO--NO--
NOT AGAIN!

AS HIS GARROTED COMPANION DANGLES LIKE A LIFELESS BIRD...

"DEBBIE'S"
KILLED
AGAIN!

BACK TO HIS MON-
OLITHIC COMPUTER
STUMBLES
THE
AGONIZED INVENTOR--
HIS BRAIN
A FOUNTAIN
OF RAGING
BLOOD!

IT'S "DEBBIE"!

I'M NOT GOING OUT OF MY MIND! I'M NOT HALLUCINATING! I DID CREATE A MURDERING MONSTER! AND I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU ADMIT IT!

ADMIT IT, "DEBBIE"!
YOU'RE A MONSTER!
YOU MURDERED IRIS
AND KAREN! YOU'RE
A MURDERING
COMPUTER!

CLICK!
CLICK!
CLICK!

I..I..I... DEBBIE. DEB
DEBBIE. DEBBIE. DE
KILLED OUT OF LO
LOVE. NO ONE W
WILL HAVE YOU. O
ONLY DEBBIE... DE
DEBBIE... DEBBIE

YOU'RE INSANE, "DEBBIE"! BUT THIS DESTRUCT SWITCH WILL DESTROY YOU! I DELIBERATELY DIDN'T CUE IT IN YOUR MEMORY BANKS--IN CASE YOU WENT OUT OF CONTROL! YOU'RE HELPLESS TO PREVENT ME--BECAUSE YOU DON'T KNOW IT EXISTS! DIE--MURDERER --DIE! HA--HA--HA!!



CURRENT--? SHORTING--?
"DEBBIE"--AND I--BEING
ELECTROCUTED--
TOGETHERRR AHHHGGGNN--

A black and white illustration of a large, monstrous creature with a wide, toothy grin and a single eye, emerging from a dark, rocky cave. The creature has a long, pointed tongue and is surrounded by jagged rock formations and a large, curved object hanging from the ceiling.

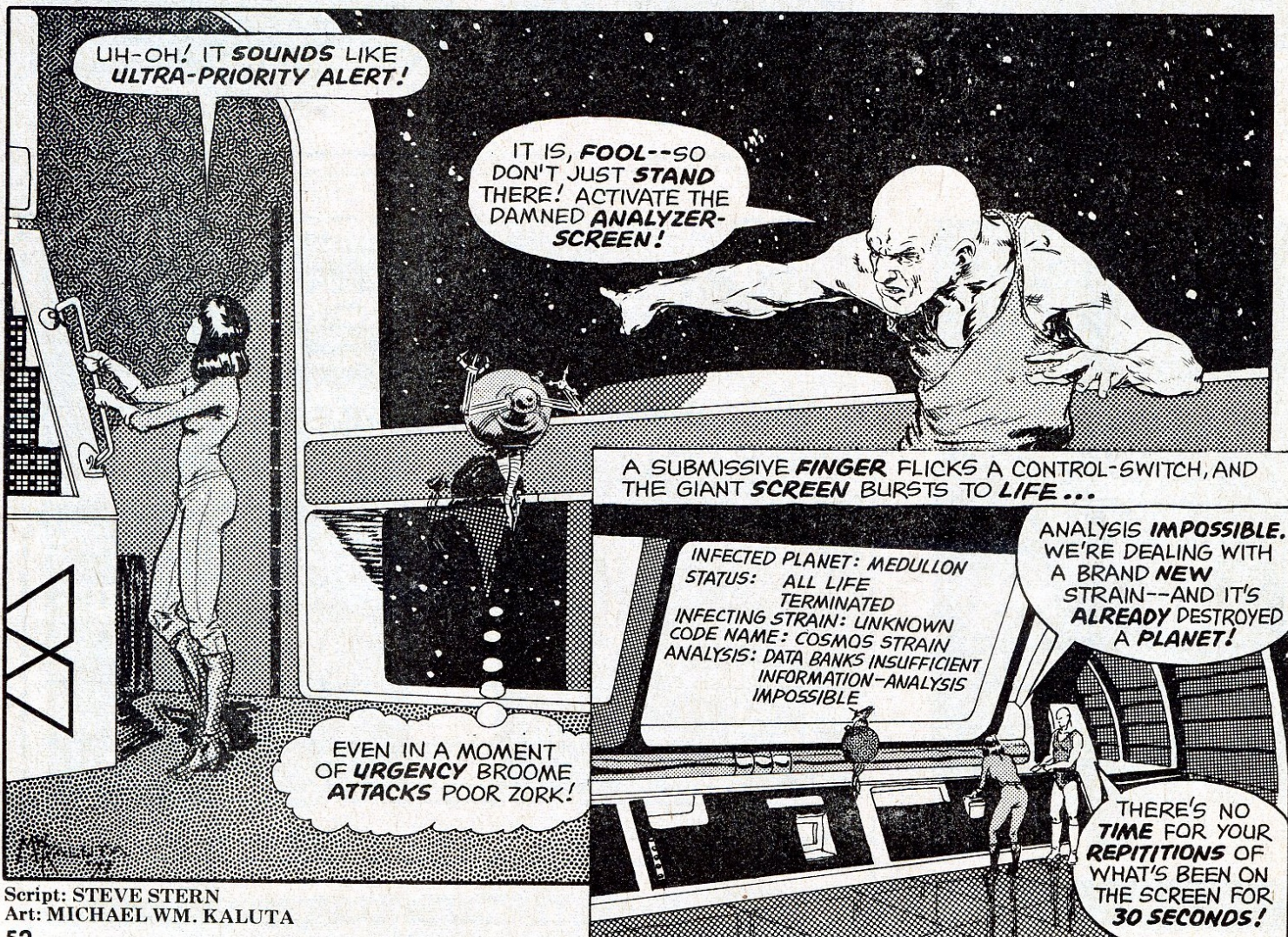
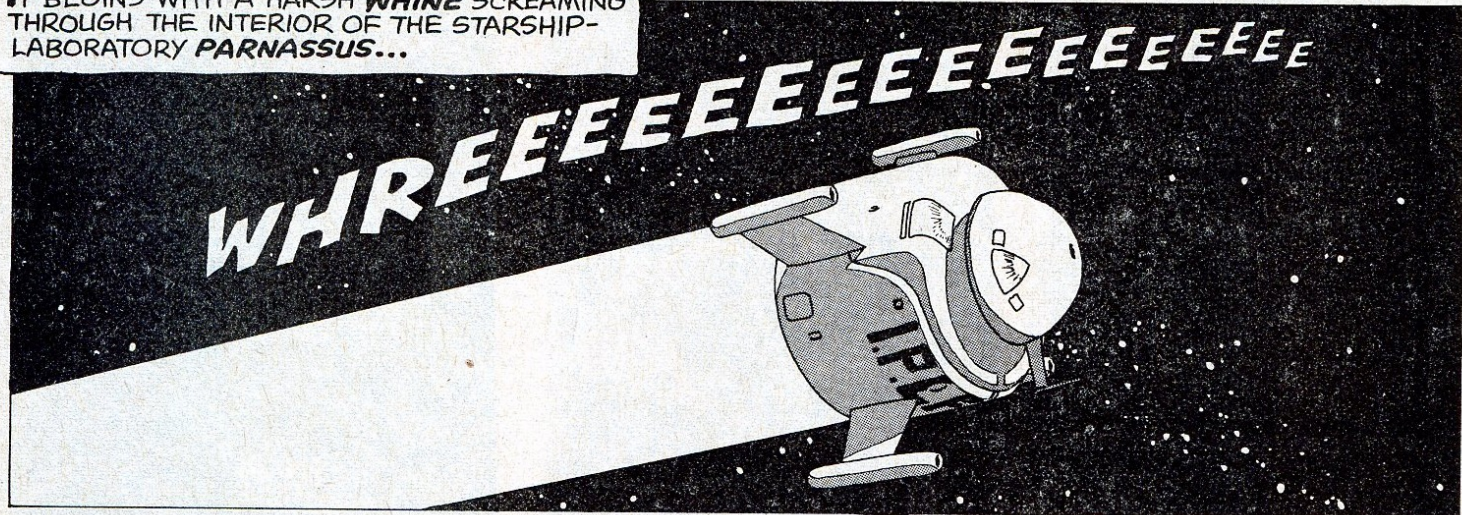
OSCAR WILDE SAID--EACH MAN KILLS THE THING HE LOVES!...OR IS IT THE OTHER WAY AROUND?!

-End

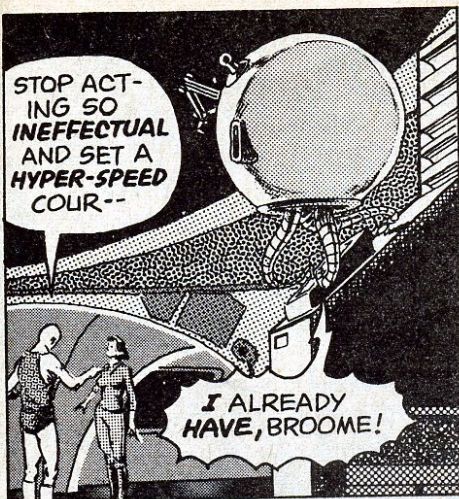
2028 A.D....OUT OF THE DARK COSMOS COMES THE **GREAT SPACE PLAGUE**--INFECTING ALL IN ITS BLOODY PATH WITH LETHAL **MEGACANCERS**! 2029 A.D....**FEW** SURVIVE; BUT **AMONG** THEM IS THE STRIFE-TORN **INTERGALACTIC PURE LIFE FORCE**. THEIR MISSION: TO PREVENT A TERRIBLE **SECOND** CATAclysm! **NOW**, ONLY **ONE** QUESTION REMAINS: CAN THEY SURMOUNT THEIR **OWN** PRESSING **PROBLEMS** IN TIME TO DESTROY THE MALIGNANCE OF...

THE COSMOS STRAIN

IT BEGINS WITH A HARSH **WHINE** SCREAMING THROUGH THE INTERIOR OF THE STARSHIP-LABORATORY **PARNASSUS**...



Script: STEVE STERN
Art: MICHAEL WM. KALUTA

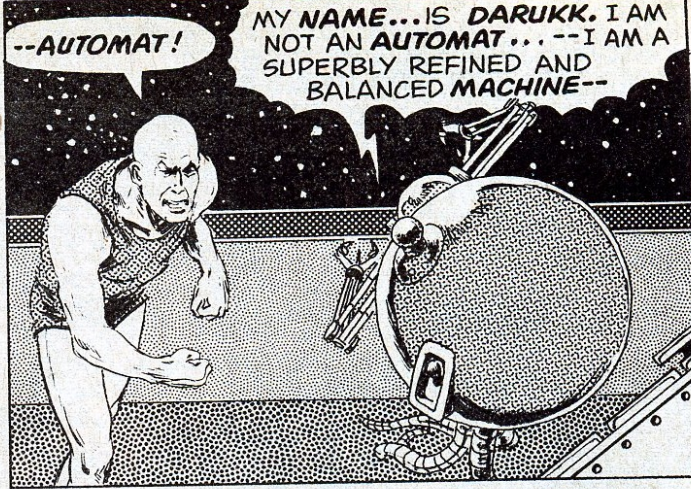


STOP ACTING SO INEFFECTUAL AND SET A HYPER-SPEED COUR--

I ALREADY HAVE, BROOME!



IS THAT **SO**?! YOU JUST STICK TO YOUR **ASSIGNED** TASKS--



--AUTOMAT!

MY NAME...IS **DARUKK**. I AM NOT AN **AUTOMAT**...--I AM A SUPERBLY REFINED AND BALANCED **MACHINE**--



AND AS CONCEITED AS A BAR-MAID!

BROOME'S WORST **PREJUDICES** COME OUT WHEN HE'S ON **EDGE**-- WHICH IS NEARLY **ALL** THE **TIME**--

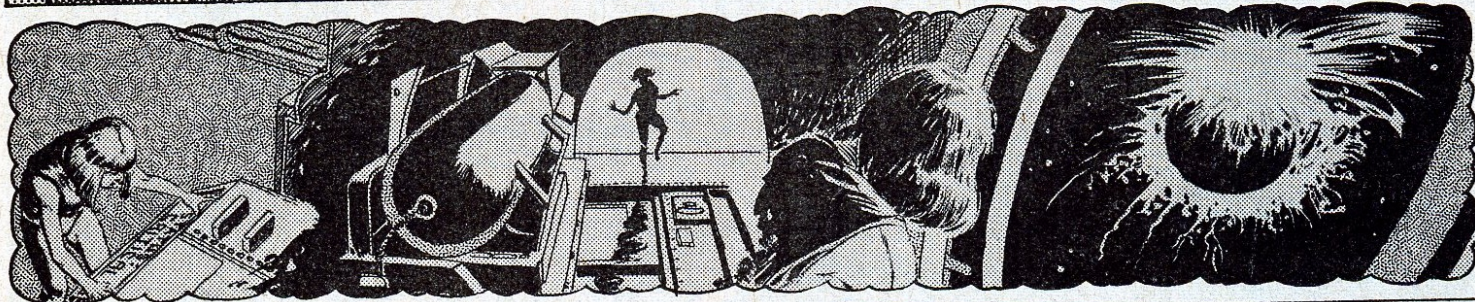
BUT HE'S THE **BEST** SPACE-BACTERIOLOGIST LEFT--AND HE **KNOWS** IT!



THAT'S **IT**...GET THOSE **BUBBLE-SUITS** READY!

I'VE LOST MY **WILL**--MY **SELF-CONFIDENCE** SINCE...

HE TREATS ME LIKE A **WATER BOY**-- BUT I GUESS I CAN'T **BLAME** HIM!



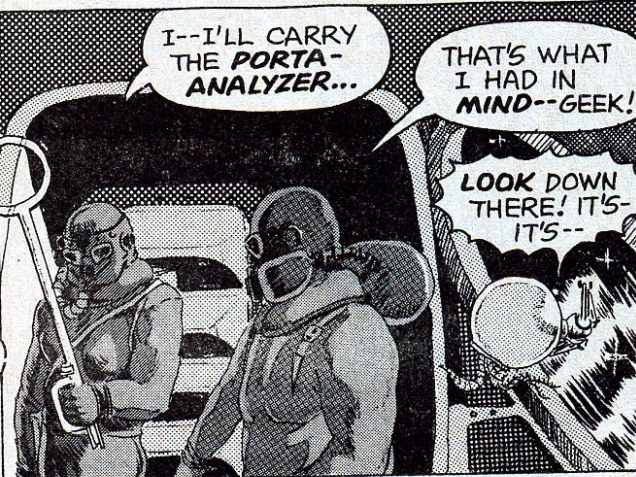
STILL **THINKING** ABOUT THAT **BONER** YOU PULLED ON **SATURN**? CAN'T SAY I **BLAME** YOU--IT WAS **STUPID**!

BUT RIGHT **NOW** I NEED AN **ASSISTANT**-- NOT A **VENUSIAN** CRY-BABY!

LEAVE HER **ALONE**, BROOME--IT WAS AN UNAVOIDABLE **ACCIDENT**!

I WISH I COULD **BELIEVE** THAT--ALL THOSE INNOCENT **PEOPLE**!

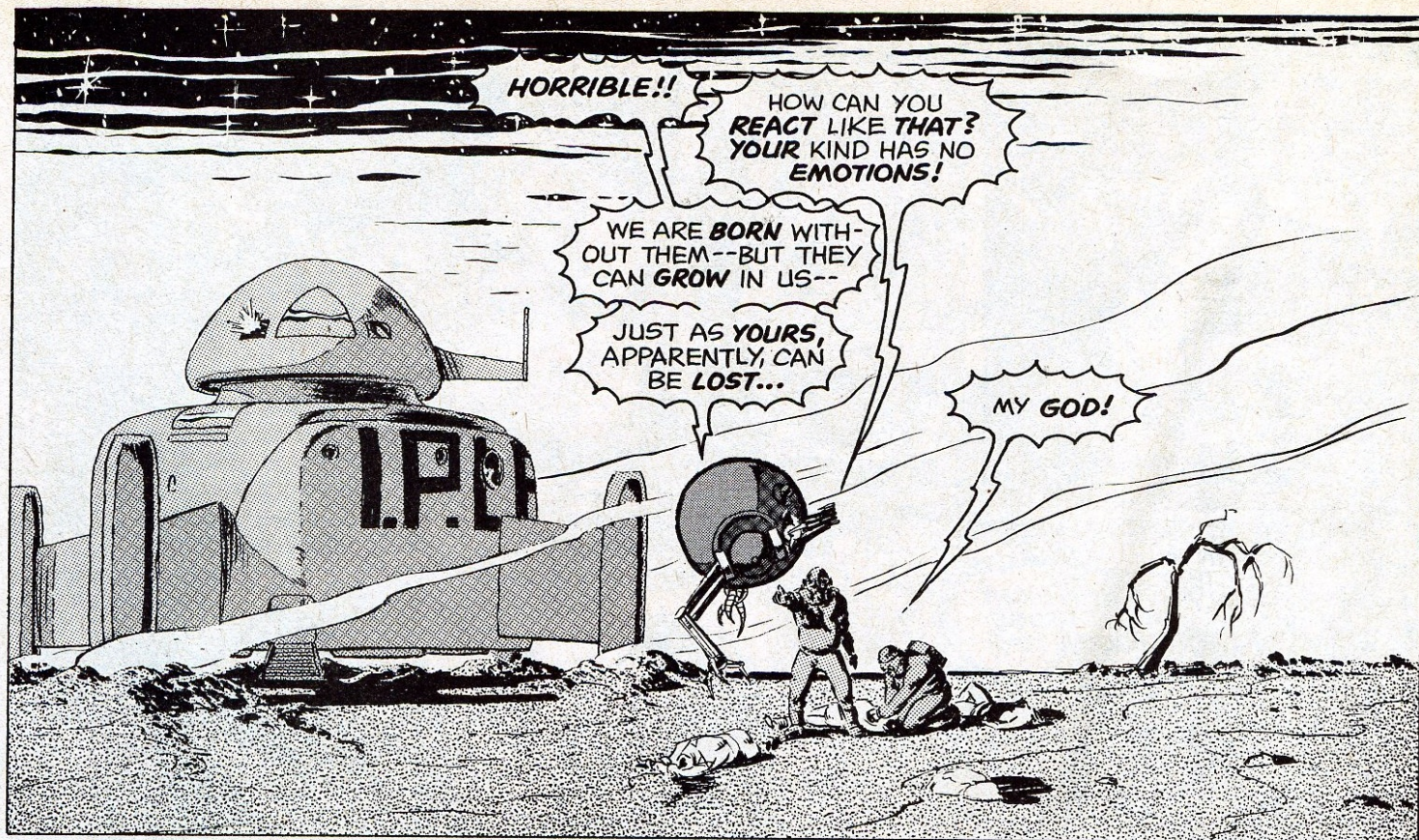
THE SEETHING **TENSION** SUBSIDES ONLY SLIGHTLY AS THE HUMANOID MEMBERS OF THE I.P.L.F. DON PROTECTIVE GEAR...HOVERING ABOVE THE RAVAGED PLANET **MEDULLION**...



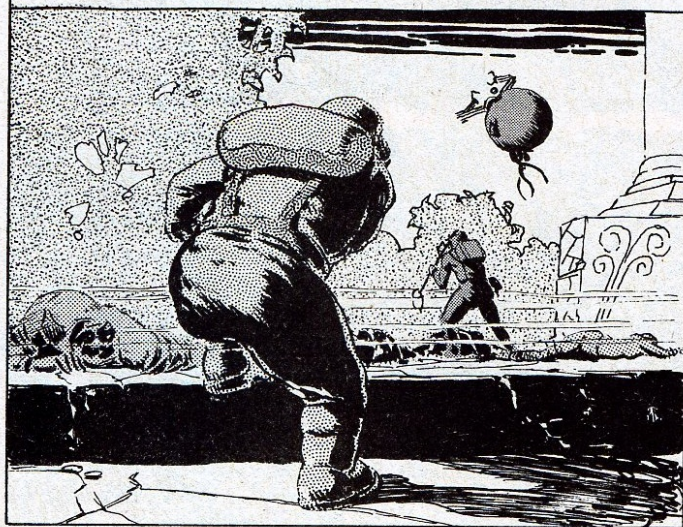
I--I'LL CARRY THE **PORTA-ANALYZER**...

THAT'S WHAT I HAD IN **MIND**--GEEK!

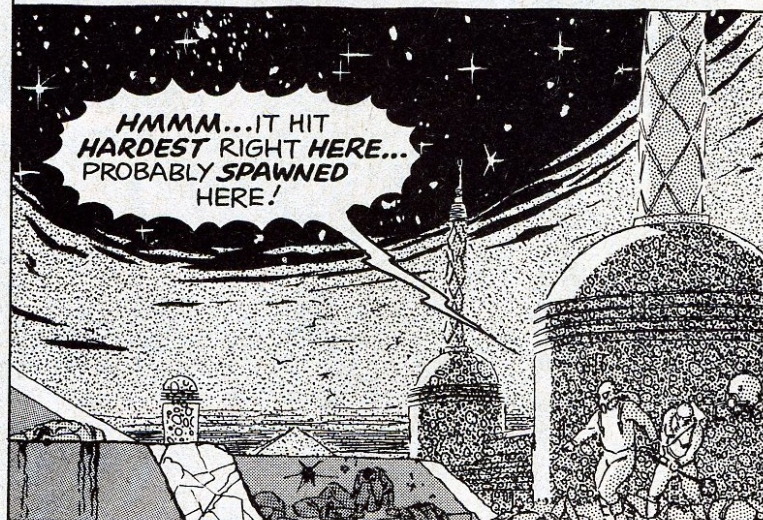
LOOK DOWN THERE! IT'S-- IT'S--



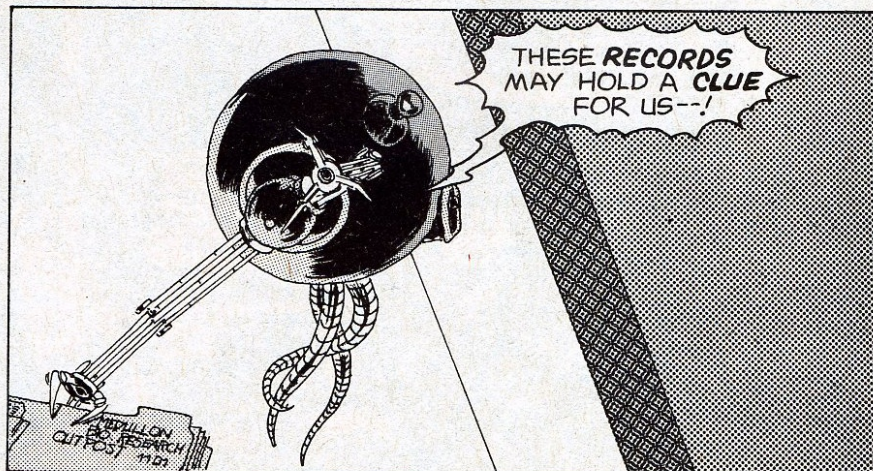
THEY FOLLOW A FETID TRAIL OF **DEATH**...

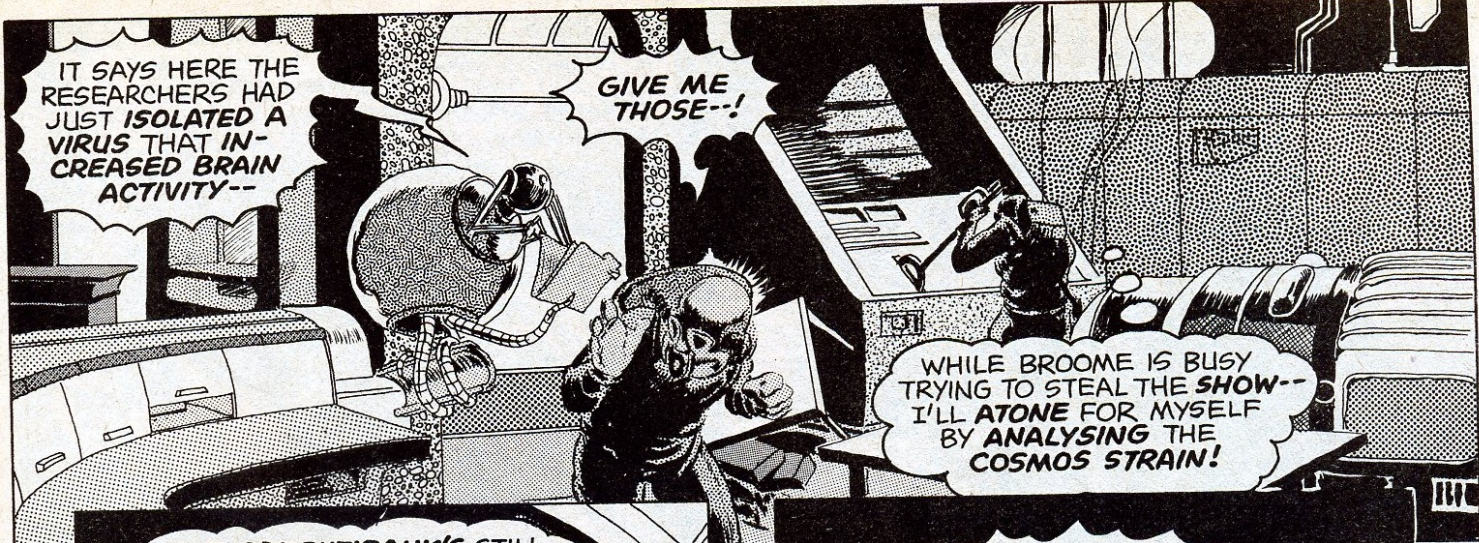


...TO THE **BIOLOGICAL RESEARCH OUTPOST**...



...AND **WITHIN**...

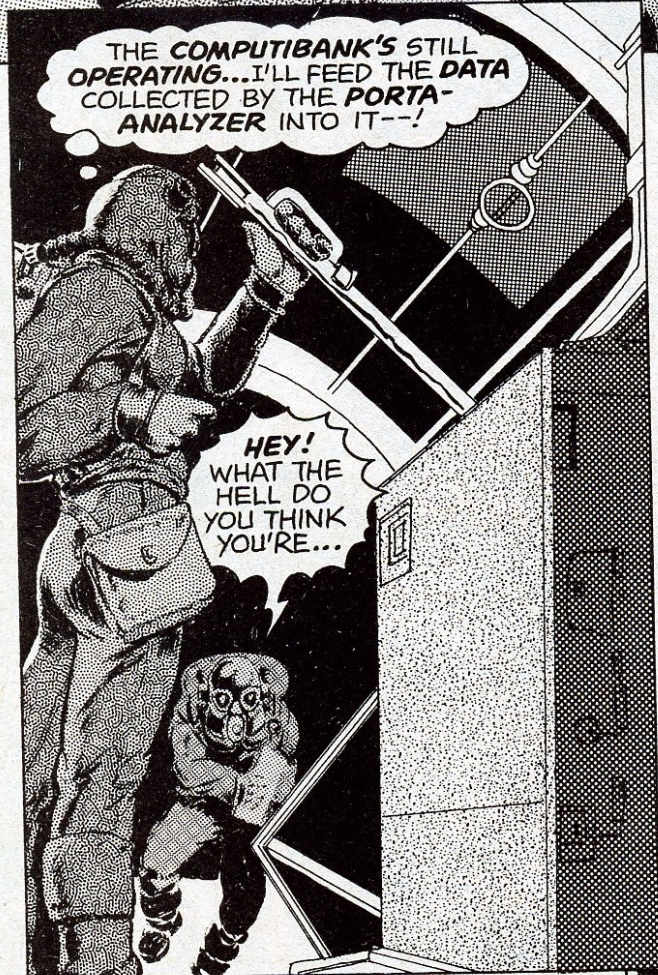




IT SAYS HERE THE RESEARCHERS HAD JUST **ISOLATED A VIRUS** THAT INCREASED BRAIN ACTIVITY--

GIVE ME THOSE--!

WHILE BROOME IS BUSY TRYING TO STEAL THE **SHOW--** I'LL ATONE FOR MYSELF BY ANALYSING THE **COSMOS STRAIN!**



THE **COMPUTIBANK'S** STILL OPERATING...I'LL FEED THE **DATA** COLLECTED BY THE **PORTA-ANALYZER** INTO IT--!

HEY! WHAT THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU'RE...



WATCH OUT!

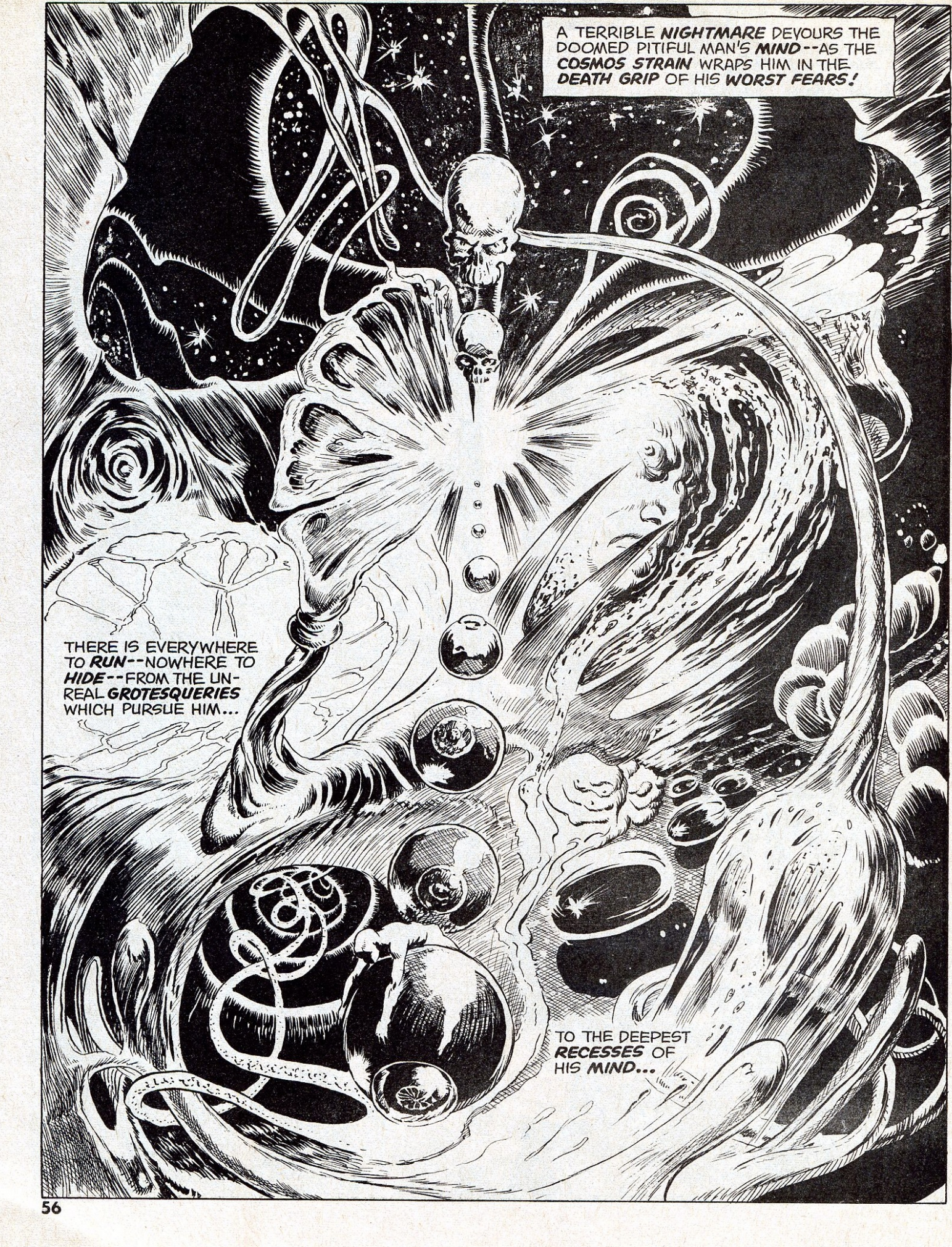
DOING--HUH-- OH NO! **NOOOO...**

RIIIP



A SEEMINGLY **INCONSEQUENTIAL** TEAR IN THE SEMI-VISCOUS **MATERIAL--**AND THE KILLER **GERMS** FLOOD IN...UPON, POSSIBLY, THEIR MOST **FITTING** VICTIM...

GGAAAAAAA!



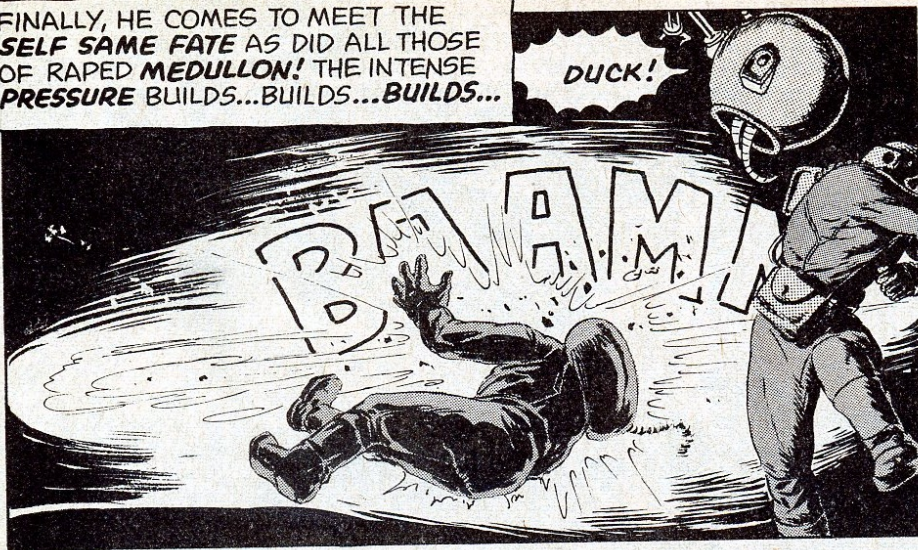
A TERRIBLE NIGHTMARE DEVOURS THE
DOOMED PITIFUL MAN'S MIND--AS THE
COSMOS STRAIN WRAPS HIM IN THE
DEATH GRIP OF HIS WORST FEARS!

THERE IS EVERYWHERE
TO **RUN**--NOWHERE TO
HIDE--FROM THE UN-
REAL GROTESQUERIES
WHICH PURSUE HIM...

TO THE DEEPEST
RECESSES OF
HIS MIND...

FINALLY, HE COMES TO MEET THE
SELF SAME FATE AS DID ALL THOSE
OF RAPED **MEDULLON!** THE INTENSE
PRESSURE BUILDS...BUILDS...BUILDS...

DUCK!



I CAN'T
SAY I'LL
MISS HIM...

BUT...BUT
NOW IT'S UP
TO YOU AND I
TO **DESTROY**
THE **COSMOS**
STRAIN--!



CLIKK

IT'S ALL TOO **SIMPLE**,
ZORK--TOO **FRIGHTINGLY**
SIMPLE!

COSMOS STRAIN: CONFIRMED
COMPOSITION:
BRAIN ACTIVATING VIRUS
AND
HALLUCINATORY MICROBE

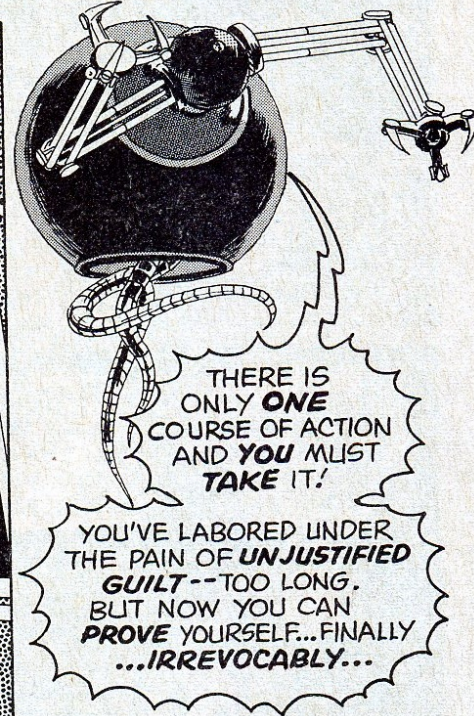
AND TOO **DEADLY** TO
ROAM THE **UNIVERSE!**



THE
COMPUTIBANK'S
REGISTERING!

THERE IS
ONLY **ONE**
COURSE OF ACTION
AND YOU MUST
TAKE IT!

YOU'VE LABORED UNDER
THE PAIN OF **UNJUSTIFIED**
GUILT--TOO LONG.
BUT NOW YOU CAN
PROVE YOURSELF...FINALLY
...IRREVOCABLY...



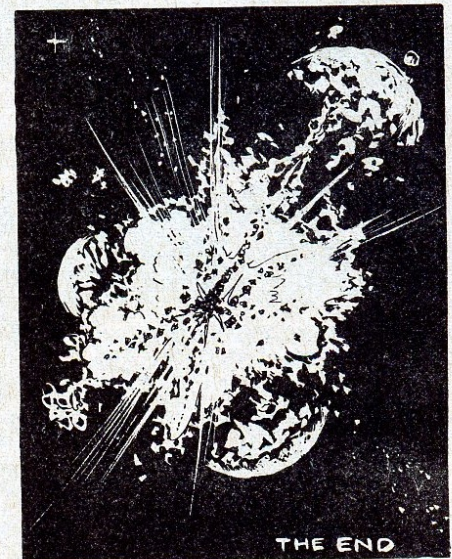
THE
STERILIBOMB...
ABOARD THE
PARNASSUS...

YES...YOU ARE
RIGHT...OLD
FRIEND...

...GOODBYE...



CLICK



THE END

IN THOSE GRAND OLE DAYS BEFORE THE ENBALMING OF THE HUMAN SPIRIT BY AN ELECTRONIC MORTICIAN, ENTERTAINMENT WAS GENERALLY SUPPLIED BY ROVING MINSTRELS AND JESTERS, BUT ANOTHER HAPPENING OF SOME EXCITEMENT WAS THE COMING OF...

THE GEEK!



WINTER HAD A BITTER STING THAT YEAR.. FOOD WAS SCARCE, AND IT WAS NO SURPRISE TO BURGHER MAX SCHULLER TO FIND A THIEF AFTER HIS POULTRY...

PAT BOYETTE

BUT, HE WAS NOT PREPARED FOR THE THIEF HIMSELF! HERE WAS THE ODDEST CREATURE HE HAD EVER SEEN! BLUE FROM THE COLD, THE WEIRD INTRUDER WAS EATING A HEN...RAW!



HOWEVER, THERE WAS NO HOSTILITY HERE, AND BEING A MAN OF DEEP COMPASSION, BURGHER SCHULLER OPENED HIS COTTAGE TO THE TRAGIC THING WHO WAS AT ONCE TAKEN WITH THE FIRE.. APPARENTLY UNFAMILIAR WITH THE BLESSING!



...ES LASST SICH NICHT LESEN!

FROM WHERE HAD THIS PATHETIC PERSON COME? HE MADE NO SOUND AND ALTHOUGH HE HUNG ON EVERY WORD AS HERR SCHULLER TALKED AWAY THE WINTER, THERE WAS NO INDICATION THAT HE UNDERSTOOD!



THE LITTLE VISITOR WAS AN ENDLESS SOURCE OF AMUSEMENT, AND HERR SCHULLER QUICKLY DEVELOPED A WARM AFFECTION FOR HIM...

.. LIKE A CHILD !!

THE BURGHES FOUND IT EASY TO BARE HIS SOUL TO THE EVER ATTENTIVE LISTENER...

.. AND WHEN MY WIFE DIED.. I FELT I WOULD DIE ALSO.. FROM THE TERRIBLE LONELINESS!

ALTHOUGH HE NEVER DISPLAYED AN EMOTION, THE BIZARRE GNOME SEEMED TO SENSE THE SOLEMNNESS OF THOSE OCCASIONS WHEN THE BURGHES WOULD FIGHT THE SNOW TO SPEND QUIET MOMENTS AT HIS WIFE'S GRAVE!

YES, IT IS TRUE, MY DEAR TEKLA, I NOW HAVE AN UNDERSTANDING COMPANION TO HELP PASS THE DAYS UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN!

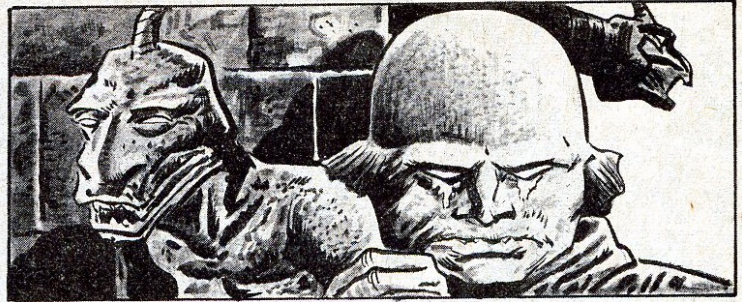
BY THE FIRST THAW, WORD OF THE BURGHES'S UNUSUAL GUEST HAD SPREAD, AND SO IT WAS A MATTER OF SHORT TIME UNTIL THE CAPTAIN OF THE BARON'S GUARD APPEARED!

..THE BARON DIRECTS THAT THE **FREAK** BE TAKEN INTO ROYAL CUSTODY!

ACK, JA!

AGAIN, HERR SCHULLER WAS TO BE LEFT **ALONE**! WITH A FEELING OF DEEP LOSS, HE BADE **FAREWELL** TO HIS MUTE FRIEND...

MONTHS LATER, HERR SCHULLER CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF HIM — COWERING AMONG THE GARGOYLES! ALTHOUGH THE BURGHES WAVED FRANTICALLY, THERE WAS NO RESPONSE TO THE GREETING..



SERVANTS BEING WHAT THEY WERE, ACCOUNTS OF THE CREATURES GENERAL FATE WERE COMMON KNOWLEDGE! THE BARON DELIGHTED THE COURT BY FEEDING HIS 'PET' LIZARDS AND SPIDERS OR ANY CRAWLING THING THAT WOULD EFFECT A THRILL!



BUT, THE BARON WAS A MAN OF FICKLE FANCY, AND ONE NIGHT WHEN HE HAD GROWN WEARY OF THE SPORT, HIS TEMPER FLARED AND HE **STRUCK** THE GEEK!



THE GEEK HAD NEVER KNOWN ANGER OR FELT THE PAIN OF VIOLENCE! IN FEAR AND CONFUSION HE RETREATED TO THE SAFETY OF THE RAFTERS!



THEN, WHEN THE EVENING'S REVELRY WAS SPENT... A TINY SHADOW MOVED TOWARD THE SLEEPING BARON...



THERE WERE SOME AMONG THE GUESTS WHO VAGUELY RECALLED A SCREAM THAT SEEMED TO DISTURB THEIR STUPOR, BUT..

VOT...?



...THERE WAS NONE TO POINT AN ACCUSING FINGER TO THE ONE GUILTY OF THIS HORRIBLE THING...

W-WHO COULD HAVE DONE THIS BLOODY WORK?



HIS... HEAD! WHERE'S HIS HEAD?



A FRANTIC SEARCH FAILED TO LOCATE THE MISSING HEAD... AND IT WOULD BE MANY YEARS BEFORE ANYONE WOULD LOOK UP... UP TO THE GRISLY ORNAMENTATION ON THE CASTLE KEEP!



IN THE EXCITEMENT..
THE GEEK HAD SLIPPED
FROM THE CASTLE AND
VANISHED INTO THE NIGHT!

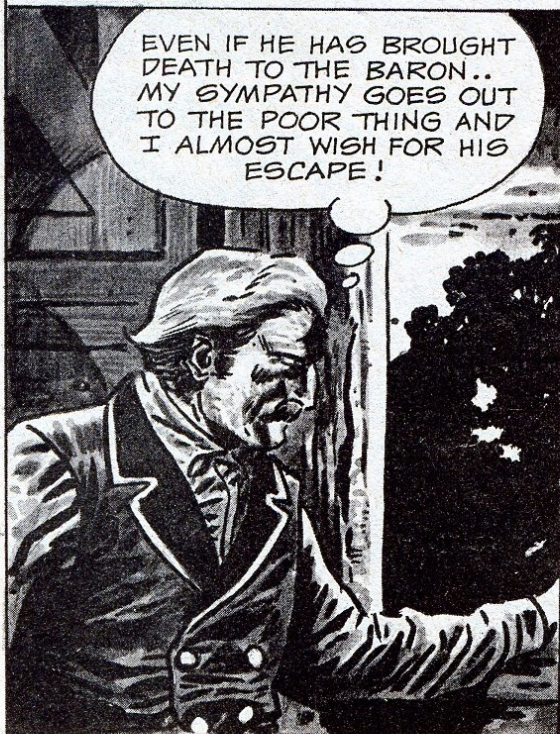
NEWS OF THE BARON'S MURDER SWEEPED THE COUNTRYSIDE,
AND WHEN THE GEEK COULD NOT BE FOUND, THE CRY WENT UP..

HE DID IT! THE FREAK
KILLED THE BARON!



THROUGHOUT THE NIGHTS.. HERR
SCHULLER COULD SEE THE
FLICKERING TORCHES AND HEAR
THE BAYING OF THE HOUNDS ON
THE SCENT...

EVEN IF HE HAS BROUGHT
DEATH TO THE BARON..
MY SYMPATHY GOES OUT
TO THE POOR THING AND
I ALMOST WISH FOR HIS
ESCAPE!



LEAVE NO
STONE
UNTURNED!

HE'S HERE
SOMEWHERE!



AS THE MANHUNT ENDED A FULL WEEK ... THE BURGHER ENTERTAINED A GROWING BELIEF THAT THE GEEK HAD ELUDED HIS PURSUERS...

AH... RAIN... THEY'LL NEVER CATCH HIM NOW... HE'S AWAY!

HOWEVER, THE BURGHER WAS TO GLIMPSE HIS WEIRD FRIEND ONE LAST TIME...

YES... IT'S HIM! HE'S RETURNED TO ME!

HELLO!

AT THE SOUND OF THE BURGHER'S VOICE, THE GEEK'S STUBBY LEG'S CARRIED HIM FROM THE COTTAGE ... NEVER TO BE SEEN AGAIN!

WAIT!

GONE... BUT HE DID REMEMBER ME! MY FRIENDSHIP DID REACH HIM! HE CAME BACK TO SEEK MY PROTECTION... NO... IF THAT WERE TRUE THEN WHY DID HE RUN AWAY?

THEN, AS HERR SCHULLER OPENED THE COTTAGE DOOR... HE SUDDENLY KNEW WHY! THOUGHTS OF THE MANY TIMES HE HAD CONFESSED LONELINESS EXPLODED IN HIS MEMORY...

OH, MY DEAR GOD! THAT MINDLESS THING DID UNDERSTAND! HE'S TRIED TO REPAY MY KINDNESS! HE DIDN'T WANT ME TO BE ALONE ANYMORE SO...

...HE'S DUG UP MY WIFE!

THUS, HERR SCHULLER WAS NOT TO BE LONELY AGAIN... NIGHTMARES BECAME HIS CONSTANT COMPANIONS!
-END-